

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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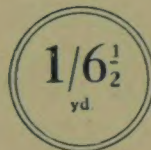
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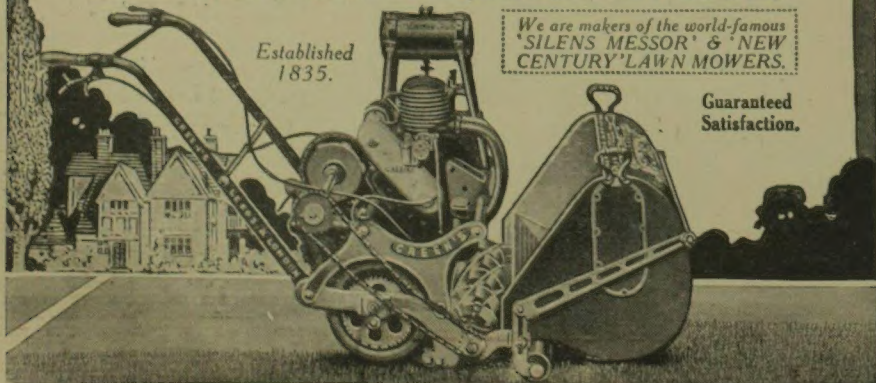
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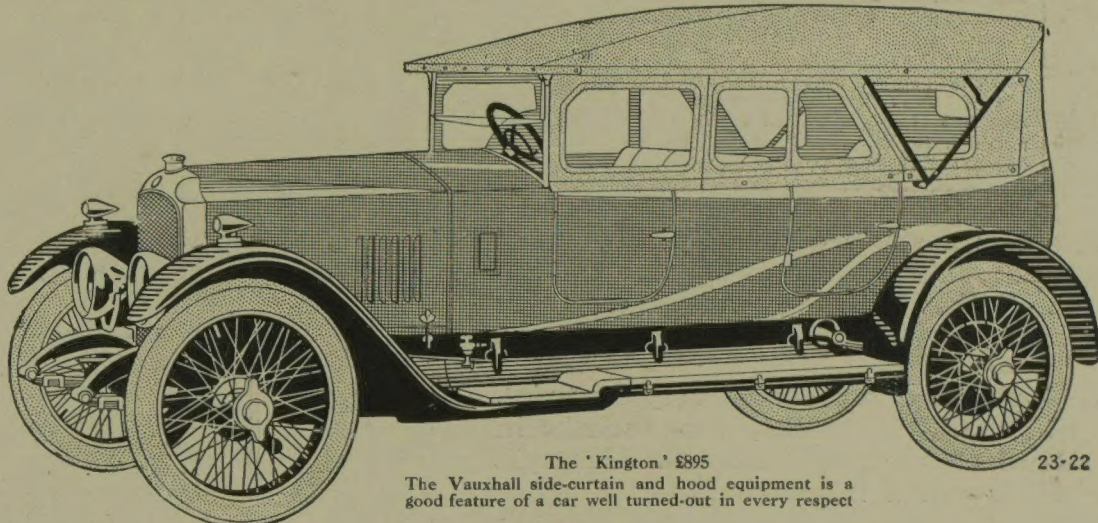
23-60 h.p. Vauxhall. Body space 8 feet 8 inches. Power development 60 b.h.p., tax £23. Petrol 20 m.p.g. Kingston 5-seated touring car £895. Arundel all-weather £1,145. Warwick lim-landaulette £1,195. Carlton pullman £1,270.

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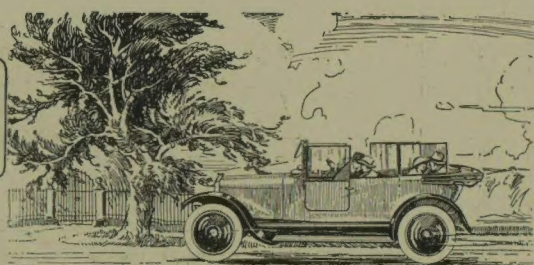
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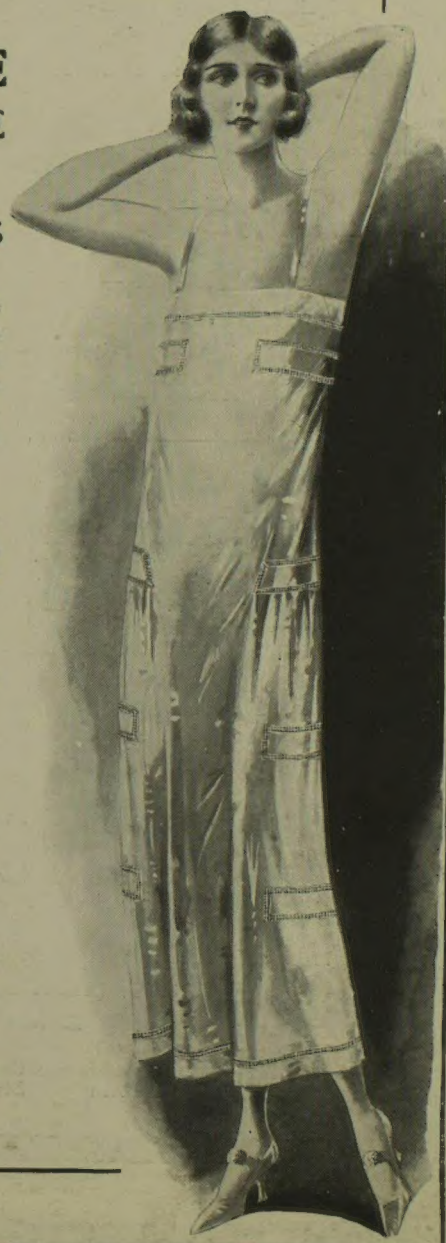
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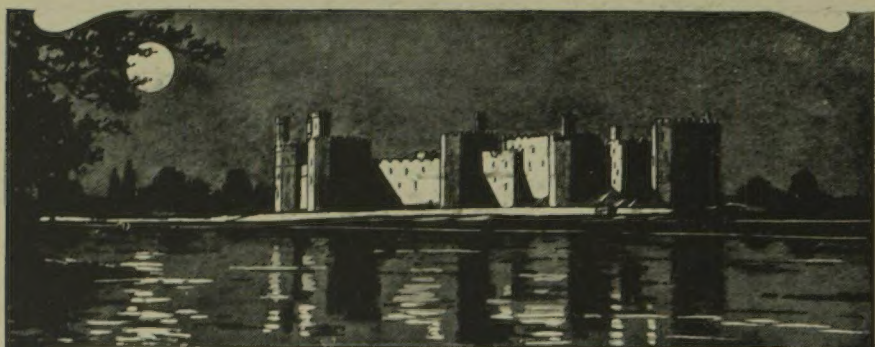
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This is one of a series of announcements by the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., showing in silhouette, castles and bridges familiar to every user of Gargoyle Mobiloil. No. 5 is due to appear on June 2nd, and will illustrate the Forth Bridge.

The Chart of Recommendations is brought up to date each year, and can be seen in every garage and showroom throughout the country. Your dealer will gladly supply you with the particular grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that is scientifically correct for your car.



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Shape 45

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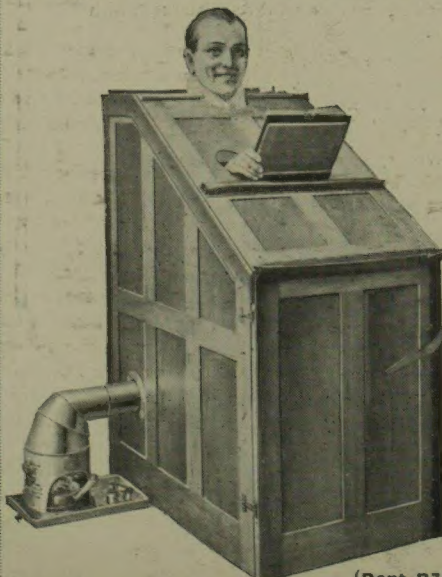
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Also in 13½ and 18½ in.

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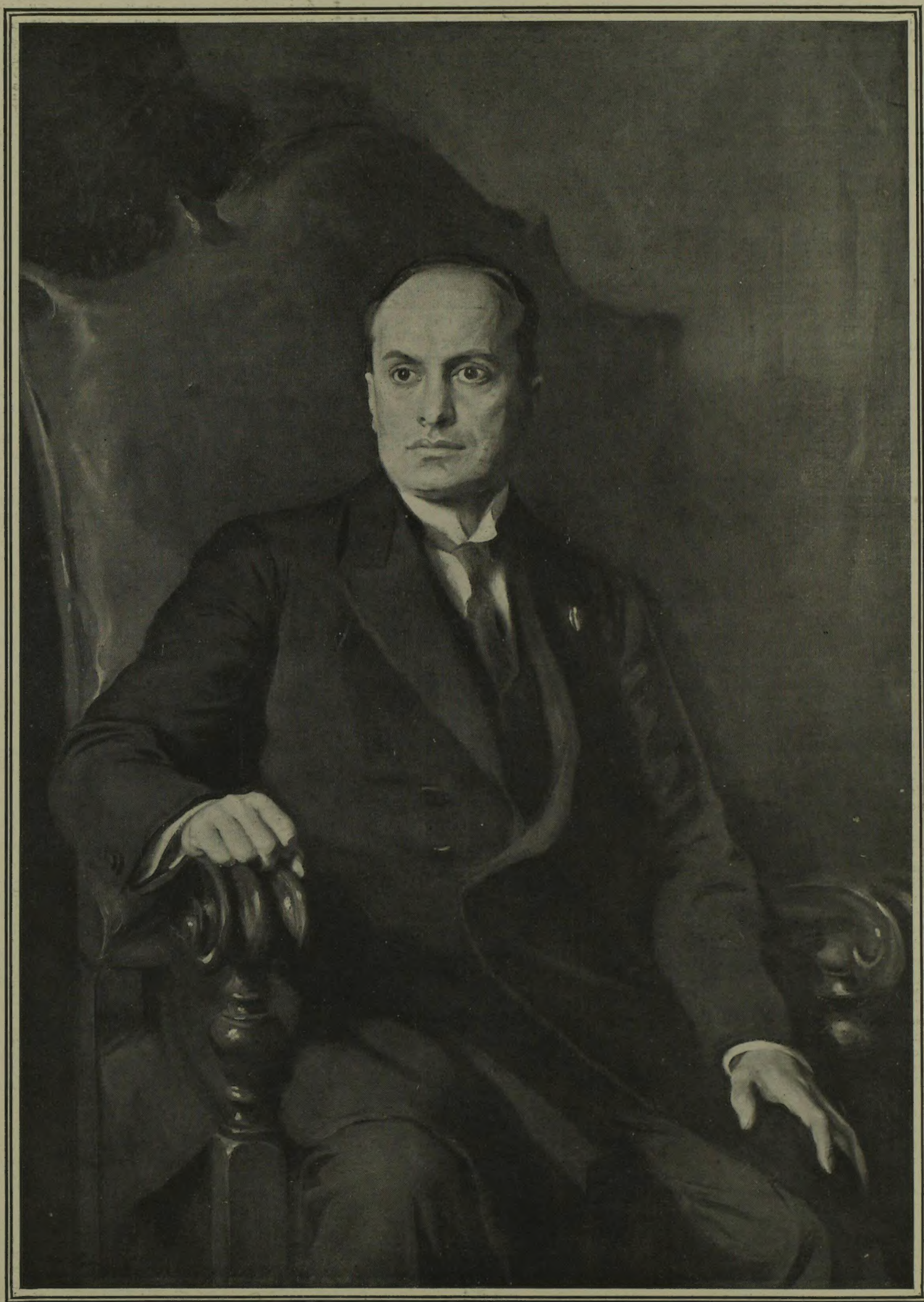
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923.

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MADE A G.C.B. BY THE KING: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, BY P. A. DE LASZLO—THE FIRST PORTRAIT
OF THE ITALIAN PREMIER EVER PAINTED FROM LIFE.

While in Rome the King created Signor Mussolini a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. This portrait of the famous Italian Premier, the founder of Fascismo, is the first one that has ever been painted

from life. It is to be included in Mr. Philip de Laszlo's forthcoming exhibition, which is to open on May 31, for four weeks, at the French Gallery in Pall Mall.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is rather unlucky for the Americans, and rather amusing for the English, that a quarrel should arise over the application of Prohibitionist coercion to English ships. It reminds us rather too aptly that the last stories about such a conflict were the stories of slaves pursued by American planters and protected by English captains. Those stories may have been legends, but they were very popular and powerful legends. And, anyhow, it was only the liberation that was a legend. The slavery was not a legend. And what is true of the old slavery that was confined to Africans is equally true of the new slavery that is extended to Americans. It is now being extended from Americans to Europeans. We have outlived the legend that the negro was free on the Englishman's ship, and progressed to a period when the Englishman is not free on his own ship.

Nevertheless, the reminder is more unpleasant for the Americans even than for the English. I am far from being a flag-waving Imperialist, but I could not resist the temptation to tell the Americans that the boot-leggers escaped to Canada just as the niggers had done; and that for a second time men had sought our monarchical and feudal soil in order to recover the ordinary rights of men. The temptation in such cases is strong; nevertheless, it should be resisted, or at least controlled. If the American weakness has always been slavery, the English weakness has always been superiority. Our most necessary, because our most difficult, duty is to exert our imaginations and see these things a little from the American side. Anybody can see America, but few can see what America sees.

The Americans are a very self-conscious people. That is the nearest I have ever got to a generalisation that really covers that great and mixed multitude. That is the thing that is really common to the optimism of Whitman and the pessimism of Poe; to the humour of Lincoln and the romanticism of Lee; to the jingoism of President Roosevelt and the pacifism of President Wilson; to the vulgarity of Billy Sunday and the virtuosity of Henry James. All the characteristics of all these characters had the slight extra touch of emphasis which belongs to a man who is conscious of his part or (in a more favourable phrase) who knows what he is doing. Dickens left behind him a legend of the rudeness of Americans, which is now hardly true enough even to be called legendary. But when an American really is rude, as a cocksure Yankee may sometimes be in a Continental hotel, it is always by over-acting his part. It is by being conscious of being Yankee; by being conscious of being cocksure; by being cocksure of being cocksure. But an English tourist in a Continental hotel can not only be rude and stupid; he can be too stupid even to know that he is rude. For the English are a much more unconscious people; much more blind and automatic and absent-minded. And as it is with the extreme of American rudeness, so it is with the extreme of American politeness. Enough remains even to-day of the traditions of the old Southern aristocracy to convince anyone that it was really the most stately and humane school of manners in the world. But the Southern gentleman was a very conscious gentleman; he was not like the ordinary unconscious English gentleman. I do not mean that it was a pose maintained with constraint or difficulty. On the contrary, I mean that it was a part of him, as poetry is a part of a poet or music is a part of a musician. But the poet knows he is a poet; nobody would say that the musician was unconscious of music, or that this type of man was unconscious of manners. It was not an artificial thing, but it was an artistic thing. And the American gentleman is in that sense an artist and almost in that sense an actor. I have met

the representatives of old families in the old cities on the eastern coast of America who were almost too civilised to be human; they had no imperfection except perfection. They really were artists in life; and it must be a terrible and almost tragic vocation. But there is the same deliberate artistic quality in the commonest and coarsest smoking-room story told with an ever-lengthening drawl by an American drummer in the lounge of an hotel. There is the same self-consciousness in the photograph of the most absurd business bouncer on the make, who tightens his mouth and swells out his jaws in the advertisements of a cheap magazine. He may not be exactly an artist, but he is far from being an artless character. He may not be a portrait-painter, but he knows how to be a portrait; and the photograph of him is not an accidental snapshot. That sort of art never deals with the unconscious outlying parts of a man, with glimpses of him behind his back, with qualities betrayed when he is off his guard, with the automatic

thing being a bathos and an anti-climax. It goes against all his national instincts for that queer process which he calls "making good." He would prefer that a thing should make good, even if it is obviously bad. There was something of the same sensibility in the old days about the Negro Slave Trade; and there was a time when everybody's pride was up in arms although (or because) nobody's conscience was at ease. Of course, there were people, like Calhoun, who said that slavery was good in itself; and there are people, like Bryan, who manage to think Prohibition is good in itself. But I am not talking of these very provincial prophets of the new Islam, but of the many Americans who are conscious of the attitude of civilisation as a whole towards such new religions. These good citizens cannot help feeling that the Amendment to the Constitution is the Constitution, and that the Constitution is the United States. Such a man has nailed the flag to the mast, even if he has nailed this ridiculous rag of nonsense to the flag. For good or evil, Old Glory has got another star, though all men say it is only a spot; it has got another stripe, though the whole world sees it is a stain. I repeat that we ought all to be able to sympathise with that sensibility in anybody; but in the American it is a very sensitive sensibility. American nationalism is the most self-conscious in the world, just as English nationalism is the most unconscious in the world. It is one of the many points on which the American and the Englishman, so often idiotically identified, are almost comically contrasted. The American never imitates the Englishman in simply taking for granted both his own patriotism and his own superiority. The American is still very insistent in asserting that he has a country, lest the world should still mistake it for a colony. Anyhow, the effect of this on the problem of Prohibition is to perplex it further by turning it into a problem of patriotism. Rather than that Prohibition should dishonour America, America must even honour Prohibition.

I think that this rather subtle and sensitive element in the case must be carefully considered. I suspect that negro slavery lasted much longer than it might have done, being maintained by national pride against the rather cheap challenges of the world outside. Men are touchy about their reputation abroad, even when they are careless about their regulations at home. But Americans as a race are at once unusually touchy and unusually careless. They are quite capable of standing stiffly upon some regulations about New York Harbour, at the very moment when they are sweeping the whole nonsense out of New York State.

The wisest tone we can adopt, I think, is to trust to the revolutionary spirit in the internal politics of the nation, as against any self-conscious rigidity in its international politics. It is an excellent illustration of the most necessary and the most neglected truth in Anglo-American relations. I mean the truth that the Englishman and the American can be friends because they differ, and not because they agree. For the real corrective to the American fad is a purely American freedom. America really is, as one of its greatest men said of his ideal State, a country where the people think lightly of the laws. That easy habit of revolt really is an American quality; it is certainly not an especially English quality. It would be harder to establish so bad a law in England; but I think it would also be harder to disobey it. If, therefore, we congratulate them on the contempt with which a bad law is often treated, our congratulation will be really a compliment. We shall be doing something that we do less often than we should; we shall really be praising others without praising ourselves.



THE KING GREETS THE FOUNDER OF FASCISMO AND LEADING STATESMAN OF THE NEW ITALY; HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, ON WHOM HE CONFERRED THE G.C.B.

Shortly after the arrival of the King and Queen in Rome on May 7, Signor Mussolini, the Italian Premier, called at the Quirinal and had an hour's audience of his Majesty, who created him a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Signor Mussolini was present at the State banquet in the evening.

Photograph by Agenzia Fotografica Italiana.

actions of an animal walking away. There are more of these sidelights and subconscious betrayals, both for good and evil, in the English mode of life. The American always fixes the world with his face, even if it is a mask in the sense that he may truly be said to be making a face. To use a yet more theatrical metaphor, we may say that he has made up his face, to prove that he has made up his mind.

There is a great deal of this American psychology in the current contradictions of the Prohibition controversy. Nobody can be expected to have any respect for Prohibition, but we ought all to have a respect for patriotism. And American patriotism, while very strong, is a curiously sensitive and self-conscious and sometimes almost morbid thing. The truth about the intelligent American is very simple, but it is not one that he can always be expected to admit. He is ashamed of Prohibition, but he is also ashamed of being ashamed of Prohibition. Even if he would have preferred the movement never to have come, he does not like the suggestion that it has come to nothing. He does not like the idea of so big a

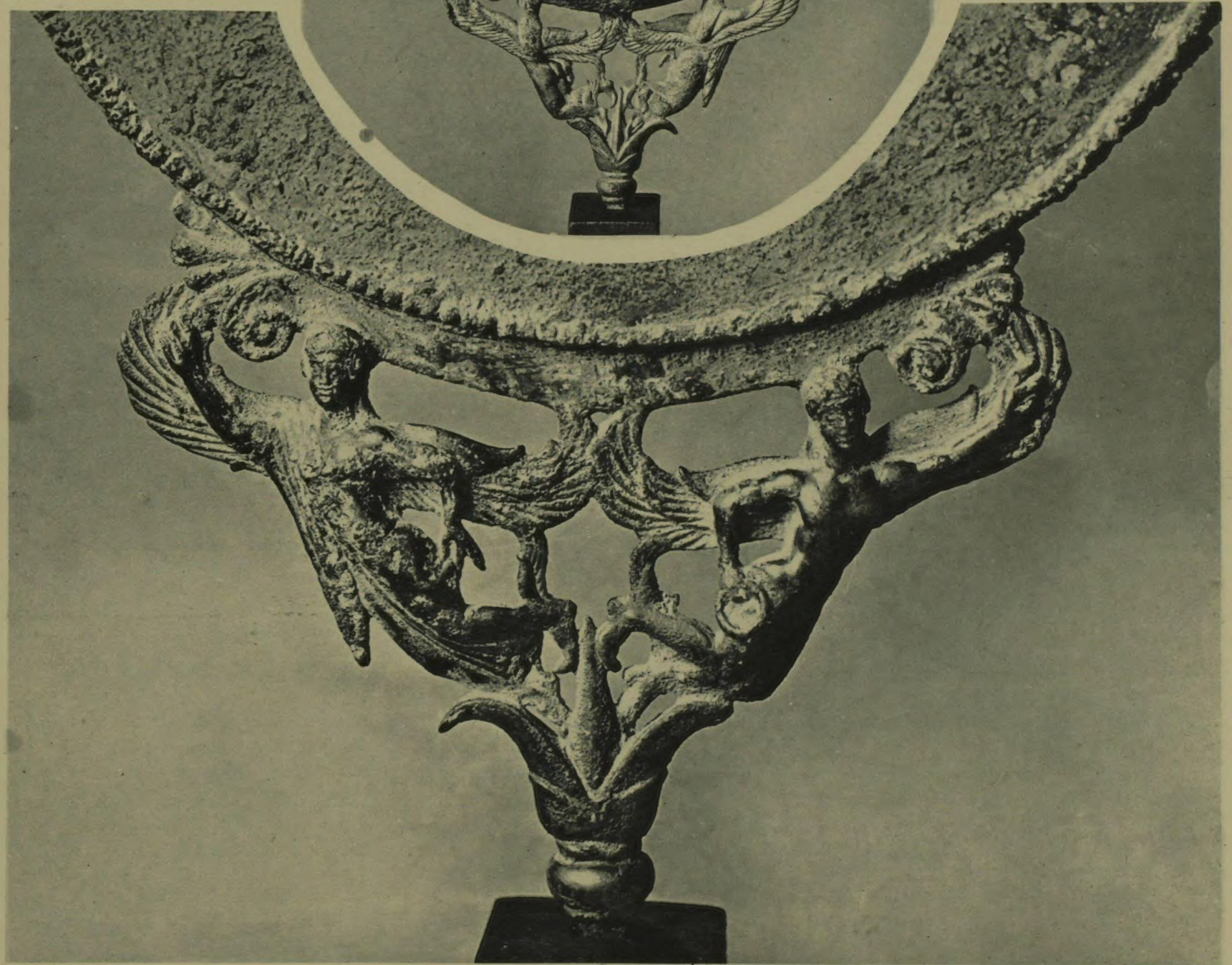
OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C.: A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE OF GREEK ART.

THE Greek bronze mirror here illustrated is 7 inches in diameter across the disk, which is plain, except for an egg-and-tongue moulding and beading round the edge, of delicate workmanship. The disk rests on a base forming an arc of a circle, with a voluted palmette in the centre supporting it. Below are the figures of a winged youth and winged maiden, springing apart, one on either side, as though for flight, from a central lotus flower. Under the flower is a spike which was probably fixed originally

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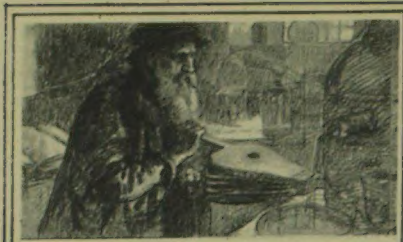
in some kind of pedestal, as the whole work seems too large and heavy to have been used as a hand-mirror. The figures themselves are moulded in the round, but the rest of the group is kept flat like a relief. The girl, whose figure is draped, is shown holding a fold of her skirt; while the boy, who is nude, carries a wreath. These differences lend a charming element of variety to the group, while not spoiling the symmetry of the pair. They represent, it is thought, Agon and Nike (see note below).



AMONG THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S NEW TREASURES APPROVED BY THE TRUSTEES, INCLUDING THE PRINCE OF WALES: AN EXQUISITE GREEK BRONZE MIRROR (7 IN. IN DIAMETER) OF ABOUT 475 B.C.—(ABOVE) THE WHOLE MIRROR; (BELOW) THE BASE, WITH FIGURES PERHAPS REPRESENTING AGON AND NIKE.

The Prince of Wales, as a Trustee of the British Museum, was present at the Trustees' meeting on May 12, when various important additions to the national collections were officially approved. Our photographs illustrate one of the most interesting of these new treasures, an exquisite Greek bronze mirror, which has been acquired for the Department of Greek and Roman antiquities. It is believed to date from about 475 B.C., a period when archaic forms were gradually giving place to those of greater freedom. The date has been deduced from a comparison

with other early Greek bronzes found in the Acropolis excavations, and certainly older than 480 B.C. They included many statuettes in the archaic attitude known as a "kneeling run," but the new bronze seems to be a later modification of this pose, the feet of the figures being brought close together. It has been suggested that the figures may represent Agon (contest) and Nike (victory), thus personifying the struggle and the victory of an athlete. Another interpretation is that they are Nike and Eros (love).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME WONDERFUL CHILD PERFORMERS!

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

AT the meeting of the Zoological Society held on May 9, some very remarkable facts were related of that fairy-like little animal, the Pigmy Flying Phalanger (*Acrobates pygmaeus*) of Queensland and New South Wales. This little creature, not so big as a mouse, feeds upon the nectar it extracts from flowers and insects. And to obtain these it takes the most prodigious leaps from tree to tree, supported in mid-air by means of a fold of skin stretched between the fore and hind legs and the

With the larger marsupials, such as the kangaroos and wallabies, it is the rule for no more than one to be produced at a birth. And the manner in which this gained admittance to the pouch was for long a matter of dispute, though it was generally believed that the mother took the youngster, at the moment of birth, between her lips and placed it there, where it quickly fastened itself on to the teat.

Even the young of the largest kangaroo is extraordinarily small at birth. It is, in a sense, prematurely born. And hence has come about a very peculiar device for ensuring its due nourishment. As I have said, once the teat has been seized it is never released. It does not, apparently, obtain its meed of milk by the sucking action common to the higher, non-marsupial animals, but spasmodically. That is to say, it is squirted automatically down its throat when the pressure of the milk in the teat causes muscular contraction, and its consequent expulsion. Choking would inevitably follow such a method of feeding but for the fact that the back of the throat is so constructed that the upper end of the wind-pipe is always protected against the ingress of milk, much as the throat of the crocodile is guarded against the ingress of water when the animal is drowning its prey.

This over-production of young in the smaller marsupials was, until recently, quite unsuspected; and it raises some very interesting problems. The most obvious of these calls for some explanation as to what useful purpose can possibly be served by bringing into the world offspring, albeit but very incompletely developed, which are inevitably doomed to practically instant death.

There are exceptions to every rule. The number of teats borne by the mother, I have

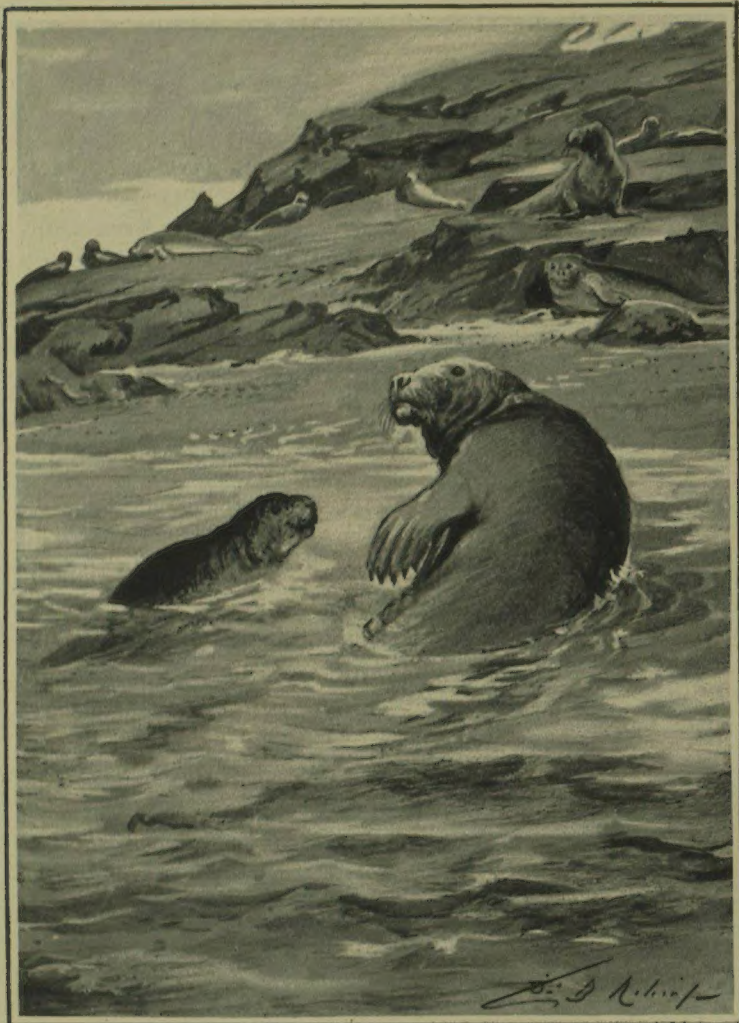
remarked, indicates the maximum number of young which can be reared, whatever the number which may be born. The wart-hog of Africa provides the exception. In this animal no more than four teats are present; yet occasionally twice that number of young would seem to be reared. At any rate, cases are on record where females have been seen followed by litters of six and eight. Here, however, one can find an explanation of the facts with no great strain on the imagination. It may well be that the secretion of milk in this animal is copious and continuous; for the wart-hog is a large animal. If this be the case, as soon as the four hungriest have satisfied themselves, their places can be taken by the remainder of the litter. This is impossible in the case of the marsupials, where the young are so helpless that they cannot release the teat, once it has been seized, for months.

But to return to the marsupials. The extraordinary behaviour of the young at the moment of birth calls attention to an aspect of the "Struggle for Existence" which seems to have escaped the attention of the man of science. And that is this. The survival of the species depends, not alone on the behaviour of the individual, but of itself and another—the offspring and its parent, in short, must mutually adjust themselves to perform certain acts

of vital importance, in the right way, and at the right time; not spasmodically, accidentally, but synchronously.

A delicate and all-important adjustment between parent and offspring—an adjustment absolutely essential to the survival of the race—is to be found in the cases of the young of the elephant-seal and sea-lion, and probably other members of the seal tribe. Immediately after the newly-born elephant-seal has taken its first meal of milk, it proceeds to make its way laboriously down to the sea. It shuffles along, its huge head a world too big and heavy for its feeble shoulders. But it attains its goal in time—the fringe of the beach, washed by the incoming waves; and always accompanied by its mother, who makes no effort to assist it. As soon as the water is reached and entered, it turns its back to the sea, and lies, half-submerged, to digest its meal. But every now and then a somewhat larger wave breaks upon the beach, and in its retreat carries the youngster backward. In a moment it is out of its depth. More than this, the heavy head sinks, and death from drowning must speedily follow but for the action of the mother. She, apparently in anticipation of such crises, enters the water with her babe. At once taking in the situation, she drives the youngster forward on to the beach with a swoop of her flipper, and all is well again.

Here, if the instinct to go to the water fails, the youngster must die. For it has been shown that, if it be forcibly prevented, it is at once seized with vomiting. It suffers from a species of "land-sickness," and must lie half-submerged if digestion is to



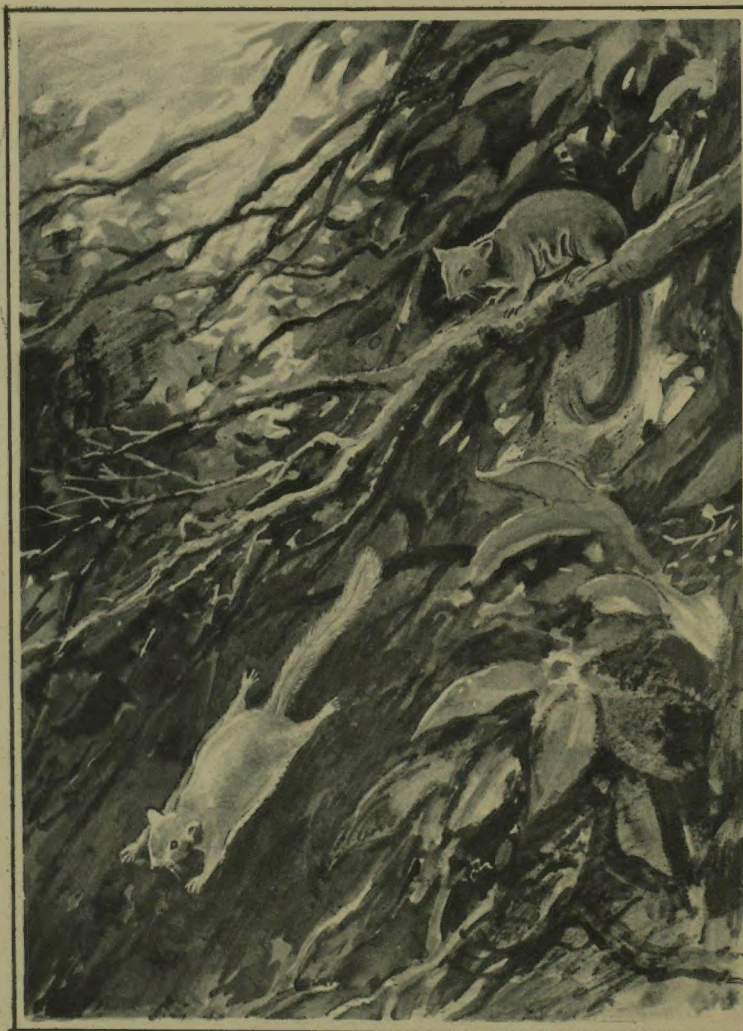
CO-OPERATION BETWEEN PARENT AND OFFSPRING A VITAL FACTOR IN SURVIVAL: A YOUNG SEA-ELEPHANT, LYING IN THE WATER TO DIGEST ITS FOOD, SAVED FROM DROWNING BY ITS MOTHER.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.

side of the body. It is, in short, one of Nature's animated "gliding machines."

These facts have long been known. But what was not known till this meeting concerned the details of the birth of its young. As with all the smaller marsupials—and this is a very remarkable fact—many more are born than can possibly survive. This much, I shall be reminded, is true of the young of all animals which produce large litters, or, for the matter of that, which produce no more than one or two at a birth. But in these "normal" cases, the incidence of the death rate is uncertain, and it may often happen that every member of a litter, here and there, may attain to maturity. Such, however, are exceptional cases; but among these small marsupials there is evidently a double death rate.

One may take it that the number of teats borne by the mother is the measure of the maximum number of offspring she can rear. In some of the opossums there may be as many as twenty-three! In this little pigmy flying phalanger there are no more than four; but the number of young born very considerably exceeds this. At the moment of birth—and this is really a very extraordinary fact—each youngster, much less in length than the width of one's little-finger-nail, crawls up the hair of its mother's body and into the maternal pouch. Only the first four to reach this goal can survive. They at once proceed, after the fashion of young marsupials, to seize a teat, to which each remains permanently attached until it is old enough to consume stronger meat. All the rest of the litter, then, inevitably fall off the mother's body and die before they are more than a minute or two old!



ONE OF NATURE'S "GLIDERS": THE PIGMY FLYING PHALANGER, SUPPORTED IN AIR BY A FOLD OF SKIN STRETCHED BETWEEN THE FORE AND HIND LEGS AND THE SIDE OF THE BODY.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.

take place. If the mother failed to realise the part that she has to play, the death of her offspring is no less certain; for it would inevitably be drowned.

One might cite further cases of this kind, but enough has been said to show that the factors which govern the survival of different species are many and subtle, especially so where the survival depends upon the absolutely harmonious responses of two separate individuals, each of which must play its part efficiently, often over a long period.

GOLD-SEEKING BY AIR OVER ARCTIC SNOW: PREPARING FOR THE START.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AERIAL SURVEY CO. (NEWFOUNDLAND), LTD., SUPPLIED BY MR. C. G. GREY.



PREPARATIONS FOR A FLIGHT TO STAG BAY, LABRADOR, IN SEARCH OF GOLD: AEROPLANES BEING "TUNED UP" AND A WESTLAND-NAPIER TESTED.



IN A TEMPERATURE FREQUENTLY FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO: "TUNING UP" MACHINES AT BOTWOOD FOR THE STAG BAY FLIGHT TO A NEW GOLDFIELD.



LOOMING THROUGH THE SNOW-LADEN AIR LIKE SOME WEIRD WINGED DRAGON: A BRISTOL MACHINE BEING HAULED IN FROM A BLIZZARD AT BOTWOOD, NEWFOUNDLAND, DURING PREPARATIONS FOR A FLIGHT TO THE REPORTED GOLDFIELD IN LABRADOR.



A CAMOUFLAGE EFFECT OF SNOW: A MARTINSYDE MACHINE MERGING INTO THE WINTRY LANDSCAPE AFTER A STORM AT HAWKES BAY.



SEEN FROM INSIDE A HANGAR AT BOTWOOD: THREE WESTLAND MACHINES AND A MARTINSYDE BEING PREPARED FOR THE STAG BAY FLIGHT.

The reported discovery of a new goldfield in Labrador has led to a remarkable expedition by aeroplanes, which it was hoped would be the first arrivals. "These photographs," writes Mr. C. G. Grey, editor of the "Aeroplane," "represent various scenes at Botwood in Newfoundland, where is the aeroplane fleet of the Aerial Survey Company (Newfoundland), Ltd., the president of which is Major Sidney Cotton. Major Cotton started only a few days ago for Stag Bay, the nearest settlement in Labrador to the goldfield area. The winter having been exceptionally hard, it will be late in the summer before steamers can get through to Stag Bay. The Straits of Belle Isle were still completely blocked with ice at the end of

April, a fact which has hardly ever been known before. Consequently, the aeroplanes (which must by now be at Stag Bay) will have very nearly three months' start of any other means of locomotion in getting there. The expedition which has gone by aeroplane is not only actually prospecting for gold, but is also mapping the territory from the air, as there are at present no maps available whatever. When the accompanying pictures of the preparations for the start were taken, the thermometer was frequently as low as 40 degrees below zero; yet such is the system of the Aerial Survey Company that they have never yet had any real trouble with engines or radiators in spite of the cold."

HISTORY IN THE MAKING: TOPICAL PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., PHOTOPRESS, S. J. LOEB, ANTON KRENN (ZURICH), AGENCJA FOTOGRAFICZNA (WARSAW), L.N.A., WIDE WORLD PHOTOS., AND C.N.



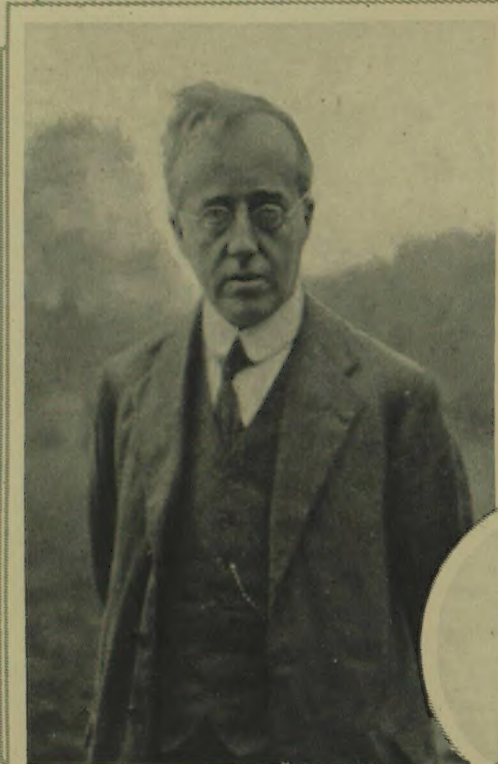
A GREAT TRANS-AMERICA FLIGHT OF 2600 MILES IN 27 HOURS: THE "T2" PASSING OVER DAYTON, OHIO.



THE SOVIET ENVOY SHOT DEAD IN A LAUSANNE HOTEL: THE LATE M. VOROVSKY.



VALUED AT £2500: A BLOCK OF 30 BLACK PENNY STAMPS OF 1840, IN THE WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION.



AUTHOR AND COMPOSER OF "THE PERFECT FOOL": MR. GUSTAV HOLST.



POLAND'S WELCOME TO MARSHAL FOCH: A TRIUMPHAL ARCH INSCRIBED "VIVE LA FRANCE."



VOROVSKY'S ALLEGED SLAYER: M. CONRADI.



THE IRISH APPEAL: MR. ART O'BRIEN.



A DISTINGUISHED HISTORICAL PAINTER: THE LATE MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.



THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN AND ITS WONDERFUL SCULPTURES: PART OF A GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN MEXICO.



THE KING AND QUEEN PAY HOMAGE TO THE BRITISH DEAD IN ITALY: THEIR MAJESTIES AMONG THE GRAVES IN THE WAR CEMETERY AT MONTECCHIO.

Two American officers, Lieutenants J. A. Macready and O. Kelly, recently made a non-stop flight across the American continent, from New York to San Diego, California (about 2600 miles) in 27 hours. Their machine was a T.2 Fokker monoplane.—M. Vorovsky, the Soviet Agent in Italy, and head of the Soviet Mission to the new Lausanne Conference, was shot dead after dinner in an hotel at Lausanne on May 10. His alleged assailant, M. Moritz Alexandre Conradi, is a Swiss, born in Petrograd, who was a captain in the Russian Army until 1917. He has stated that his father and uncle were tortured and killed by Bolsheviks.—An exhibition of rare postage stamps was recently opened by the Postmaster-General at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster.—Mr. Gustav Holst's new

one-act opera, "The Perfect Fool," opened the season at Covent Garden on May 14.—Marshal Foch was enthusiastically received wherever he went in Poland. He arrived in Warsaw on May 2, and left on the 6th.—Mr. Art O'Brien was one of those deported to Ireland on March 11. His application for a writ of Habeas Corpus was allowed by the Court of Appeal.—Mr. Seymour Lucas painted many well-known historical pictures, including "The Armada in Sight."—Earlier excavations of a Pyramid of the Sun, at Teotihuacan, in Mexico, were illustrated in our issue of September 18, 1920.—After leaving Rome the King and Queen made a pilgrimage to British graves in Italian war cemeteries. In that at Montecchio 439 British soldiers are buried.

ROME'S GREAT WELCOME TO OUR KING AND QUEEN: THEIR ARRIVAL.

THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



GATHERED IN THEIR THOUSANDS TO SEE BRITISH MAJESTY "PASS THE STREETS OF ROME": A CHEERING MULTITUDE IN THE PIAZZA QUIRINALE AS THE ROYAL PROCESSION WENT BY TO THE PALACE.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE, FROM THE PALACE BALCONY: (L. TO R.) THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA, KING GEORGE, THE DUKE OF AOSTA (AT BACK), QUEEN MARY, KING VICTOR, AND QUEEN HELENA.

Rome gave a magnificent welcome to our King and Queen when they arrived on May 7 for their State visit to the King and Queen of Italy. At the station they were met by their royal host and hostess and the Prince of Piedmont (Crown Prince of Italy), while the Royal Commissioner for Rome, Signor Cremonesi, speaking for the city, said: "As along our streets the English flag alternates and intertwines with those of Italy and Rome, so in our hearts to-day is there a warm feeling of deference and affection for your Majesties and our own beloved Sovereigns." The enthusiasm of the people well bore out these words, as the

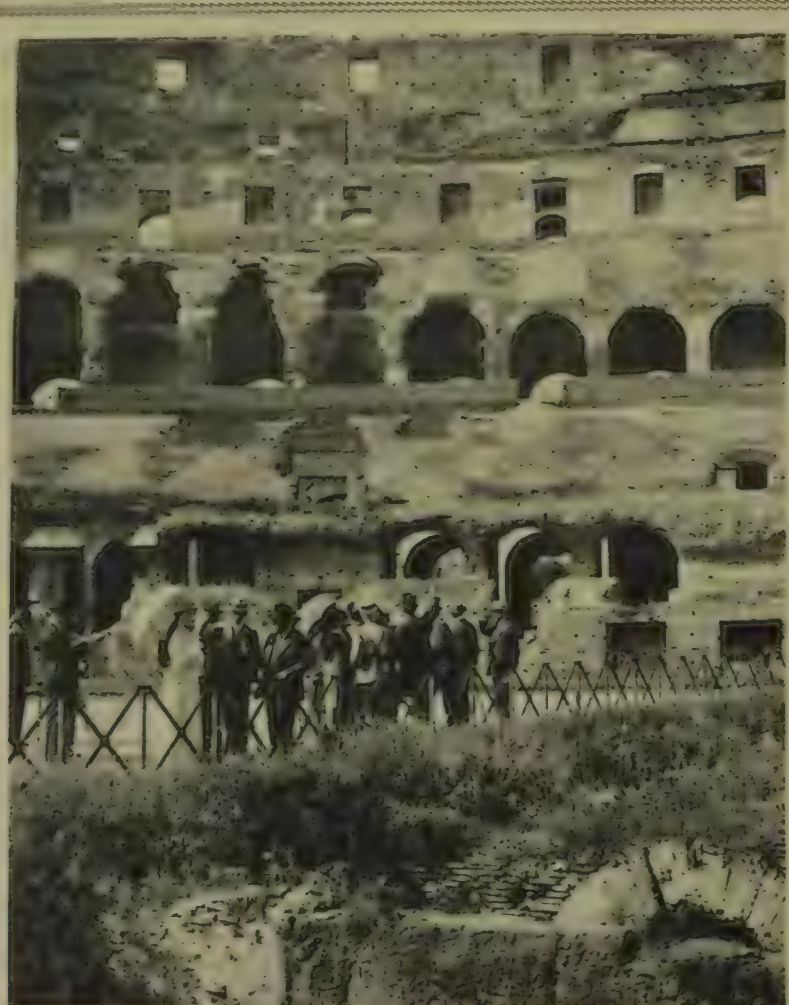
procession passed through the streets to the Piazza Quirinale, flanked on one side by the Consulta, and on the other by the Royal Palace. The route was lined by picked Italian Infantry and Marines supported by mounted Carabinieri. In the first carriage were the two Kings, and in the second (the one seen in our upper photograph) the two Queens with the Prince of Piedmont and the Duke of Aosta. Very soon after arriving at the Palace the royal party came out on the balcony, and received such an ovation from the people that they were recalled for a second appearance.

BRITISH ROYALTY IN ROME: ITALY'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: THE COLISEUM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND C.N.



THE KING AND QUEEN PAY TRIBUTE TO THE ITALIAN UNKNOWN WARRIOR: PLACING A WREATH ON THE ALTAR OF THE FATHERLAND.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE COLISEUM: A GROUP SHOWING THE QUEEN (IN WHITE) ON THE LEFT WITH SENATOR LANCIANI (NEXT BUT ONE).



IN BRILLIANT UNIFORM OF SLASHED RED, YELLOW AND BLUE, WITH MEDIAEVAL HELMETS: SWISS GUARDS AT THE VATICAN.



THE QUEEN WITH SENATOR LANCIANI (ON THE RIGHT) AND THE KING FOLLOWING: THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

On the morning of May 8, the day after their arrival in Rome, the King and Queen paid their tribute to the memory of Italy's Unknown Warrior, whose Tomb lies beneath the Altar of the Fatherland in front of the great monument to Victor Emmanuel. The ceremony was simple and impressive. Accompanied by the King and Queen of Italy, and followed by four Carabineers carrying a huge wreath, they ascended the steps of the memorial, and the two Kings stood at the salute while the wreath was placed in position, and bands played the "Marcia Reale."

Four mothers who had lost sons in the war were presented to Queen Mary, who, in our first photograph, may be distinguished by her light dress in the centre of the group standing with backs to the camera. In the afternoon their Majesties made a round of the chief classical antiquities of Rome, including the Palatine, the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Baths of Caracalla, under the guidance of Commendatore Boni and Senator Lanciani, eminent Italian archæologists. The visit to the Pope at the Vatican (illustrated on another page) took place on May 9.

LEADERS OF BRITISH SOCIETY IN ROME DURING THE ROYAL VISIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER TO THE VATICAN
WHOM THE KING KNIGHTED
DURING HIS VISIT TO ROME: LADY RUSSELL.

WIFE OF THE
BRITISH AMBASSADOR
TO ITALY
AND DAUGHTER
OF THE
EARL OF MIDLETON:
LADY SYBIL GRAHAM.



Lady Sybil Graham, wife of the British Ambassador to Italy, the Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald William Graham, P.C., K.C.M.G., is the second daughter of the Earl of Midleton, and was known before her marriage, which took place in 1912, as Lady Sybil Brodrick. She was a Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1911-12. At the dinner which their Majesties gave at the British Embassy in Rome on May 10, she went in on the arm of the Prince of Piedmont (the Crown Prince of Italy), while Sir Ronald Graham took in Princess Mafalda. The King of Italy has conferred on the Ambassador the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice and

St. Lazarus. Sir Ronald and Lady Sybil Graham accompanied the King and Queen on their motor tour in the Campagna (illustrated in this number). On the occasion of their Majesties' visit to the Pope, the King conferred the K.C.V.O. on the British Minister to the Vatican, the Hon. Theo Russell, who is now known as Sir Odo Russell, using his first Christian name. He is a brother of Lord Ampthill. In 1910 he married Countess Marie Louise, daughter of Count Rex, who was at that time Saxon Minister to the Austro-Hungarian Court at Vienna. Sir Odo and Lady Russell have three sons.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT TIVOLI: A DAY IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" AND C.N.



AMONG THE RUINS OF A ROMAN EMPEROR'S MAGNIFICENT PALACE:
THE KING AND QUEEN AT HADRIAN'S VILLA.



A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF TIVOLI: THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE VILLA
D'ESTE—THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND.



AT THE CASCADES OF TIVOLI: THE QUEEN (THIRD FROM LEFT),
THE KING (SEVENTH), AND LORD CAVAN (EXTREME RIGHT).



THE QUEEN (IN HER CAR) AT THE VILLA FRASCATI: A HALT BESIDE
A PICTURESQUE ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN.

On the last day (May 11) of their visit to Rome, the King and Queen made a tour by motor-car in the Campagna, and did a strenuous round of sightseeing, accompanied by the British Ambassador to Italy, Sir Ronald Graham, and Lady Sybil Graham. They went first to Tivoli, where they saw the famous cascades and the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, once the most magnificent palace in the world, standing picturesquely amid tall cypresses. Next they proceeded to the Villa d'Este, where they lunched in the Loggia overlooking its beautiful garden and colossal fountain. The Villa d'Este, one of the finest buildings of the Renaissance, was

designed by Pirro Ligorio in 1550 for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. During their drive in the afternoon their Majesties visited the Villa Frascati and many great Roman villas in the neighbourhood, the Lakes of Nemi and Albano, and Castel Gandolfo, where is the Pope's summer villa. At the last official function of the royal visit, a reception at the Capitol in the evening, the King said in reply to Senator Cremonesi, the Royal Commissioner for Rome: "I desire to express to you, as first Citizen of Rome, the warm thanks of the Queen and myself for the touching welcome which we received from the Roman people."

BY THE ONLY ARTIST ADMITTED: THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE POPE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY G. D'AMATO, THE ONLY ARTIST ADMITTED TO THE VATICAN ON THE OCCASION.



WITH POPE PIUS XI. AT THE VATICAN: THE KING AND QUEEN CONVERSING WITH HIS HOLINESS
IN THE SMALL THRONE ROOM—HER MAJESTY WEARING A BLACK MANTILLA.

The King and Queen visited Pope Pius XI. at the Vatican on May 9. On their way from the Quirinal they entered the Palazzo Patrizi, which had been lent for the occasion as a temporary Legation for the British Minister to the Vatican. By so doing they had technically returned to British territory, and thence they started for the Vatican. The King was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, while the Queen was in black with a high-pointed mantilla of black lace, and high black shoes, a costume in which her Majesty made a very stately figure. The Pope, in a white cassock, stood to receive them at the door of the Small

Throne Room, and sat between them during the ensuing conversation, which lasted for nearly half an hour. His Holiness presented them with two large autographed portraits of himself in silver frames and cases of white parchment and gold, with the Papal arms in gold on the frames and the royal initials on the cases. Their Majesties in return gave him portraits of themselves. The members of their suite were then presented to the Pope, and the visit concluded. Mr. G. d'Amato, who made our drawing, was the only artist admitted to the Vatican for the occasion.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE MACHINE WRECKERS," BY ERNEST TOLLER.—THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

"MORE light," was Goethe's dying word. And it was prophetic of his country's future. Germany, whence in its great poet's day the light came by the torch of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, is wallowing in darkness. It has lost faith in itself, in the world, in the future, in life. The drift of its literature is despair, unless it be revenge. It spreads hopelessness, rebellion, destruction. The old cry of "To-morrow we may not be able to live, thus let us live to-day!" has changed into "Let us undo to-day! We have nothing worth living for, so let us spend and cast away—the deluge is upon us."

In Toller's play, "The Machine Wreckers," which Mr. Ashley Dukes has rendered into exquisite Victorian English—the stately language of an age when oratory was in flower and purity, undefiled by bastard words—we have woeful Germany of to-day under the mask of England in 1812. From the very beginning it is symbolic, when, in an expressive scene in the House of Lords, Byron inveighs against the Machine Bill threatening death to destroyers, and Castlereagh defends the Bill and the penalty on the plea of commonsense. Byron is the symbol of the submerged people, of the over-taxed and under-fed—a survival of that idealism which in 1914 received its death-blow. Castlereagh is the symbol of the capitalists who now, while the country is in the slough of despond, are the covert rulers. The whole play is an indictment of capitalism—a bitter, relentless, unsparring attack; and its message is that when the masses are purblind and obsessed by an idea it is useless to preach moderation and insight. Reason goes to the wall—reason will be silenced. When the action unfolds and describes the revolt of the starving weavers against the introduction of machines and consequent unemployment, there is but one man in the frenzied throng who sees "light" and would lead to it. He himself is a tramp and starving, but he sees that destruction as a remedy is worse than the evil of unemployment and its aftermath. He would adjure his fellow-sufferers to stand firm, but to temporise—to wait and see. For he feels that the *impasse* of the moment is but temporary. Anon, when the machines are at work in full force, industry, trade, credit—all will flourish, a wave of prosperity will flood the land, and myriads more hands will be needed than ever before. But the purblind heed him not; and when they discover that he is the brother of the overseer at the factory they stone him as a traitor. Once more the saviour pays with his life for the fruits of enlightenment. Then the troops come, and the wreckers are in their turn to meet their reward. What does it matter? They have achieved their end—destruction! There is nothing to live for; we may as well die on the gallows or in prison.

It is excessively painful, this play of "Dis-Kultur"; it is complex, involved, and verbose—so much so that only with the greatest difficulty can even those who know the German mentality of to-day extract its real *raison d'être* from a maze of speeches, phrases, incidents, and upheavals. Hauptmann, with infinitely more talent and with greater sobriety of method, has told the same tale in "The Weavers," that famous "J'Accuse" against the capitalist and the sweater. But Hauptmann was direct and coherent in his tragedy; his people were human; their sufferings penetrated the hearers' hearts and souls. Toller's people are not characters of inwardness; they are but the means to illustrate a cause. Their ravings and woes are disturbing, but they do not move us beyond the moment: their vehemence overwhelms their force. It is what the Germans themselves call a "Tendenz-Stück"—a play with a purpose—and the purpose has so beset his vision that he does not see clearly himself, and drowns in words his power of

projection. When it is all over we have the feeling that we have heard a man with a mission, whose soul is so deeply stirred, whose head is so full of whirling ideas, whose craving to coerce us with conviction is so ardent, that he misses when firing. We can but repeat what we said of the Insect-play, that other typical post-war drama of despair—*Cui bono?* We have heard nothing new; we have once more had it dinned into our ears that life is misery, and perhaps

On the 28th of this month there will be an interesting ceremony at Mr. Rosenthal's handsome Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel. Then the foundation-stone will be laid of a new enterprise, "The People's Theatre." At present it is not intended to go further than the creation of the frame. Whether the flag will ever wave on the roof depends on public support. We have the plans, we have the plays, we have the people too; we have confidence in our engineer, Mr.

A. E. Filmer. But our means, except an inexhaustible fund of enthusiasm, a little knowledge, and a small sum wherewith to begin, are very limited. We are doing this for the people, and we hope that the people will be with us. Already Toynbee Hall and its leaders are moving to rally their followers in support. We feel sure that the intelligent Hebrew population will be eager to welcome our efforts. We have cut the prices to fit Everyman's purse. For three-and-sixpence we offer stalls as commodious and comfortable as any in the West End; for the nimble ninepence we throw open a gallery the like of which is to be found nowhere else in the Great City; and, mindful that the play's the thing, as well as the players, we have planned a repertory for a start which by its very choice must commend itself to every playgoer who seeks in the theatre something better than amusement to kill time—something to appeal to his intellect, his mind, and his outlook on life. "The Witch," from the Danish, by John Masefield; "You Never Can Tell," by Bernard Shaw; Ibsen's "Ghosts"; Teixeira's version of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin"—these are the foursome of our first month. Then, if our hopes are not blighted, we have an arsenal behind us: British plays deserving a rehearing; Continental plays hitherto withheld from London despite their fame abroad; new plays by some of the younger generation which would not appeal, perhaps, to the commercial theatre, but should be heard because their authors have something to say in the spirit of new lamps for old. As for the players, we have enlisted for a time the services of Mr. Ernest Milton, whose Hamlet at the Old Vic brought him fame, and ranks as a creation of memorable originality; of Miss Phyllis Relph, far too little known in London as an actress of power and personality; of Mr. Orlando Barnett, whose name is as familiar to every playgoer as Mr. Campbell Gullan's, who has promised to be one of us. Others still remain unnamed so far, for theirs is the opportunity to make their name themselves. We have chosen the young who are ambitious to make good for the cause for themselves, and who, confident in their producer, Mr. A. E. Filmer, devote themselves with heart and soul to their mission. I say "mission" designedly, for the actors as well as the sponsors of the People's Theatre seek no other gain than the right to live, and such prestige as

will further their career, and, by individual effort, assist to consolidate the enterprise.

Thus we may say with conviction that on the artistic side everything will be done to make the People's Theatre worthy of its name. But the last word remains with the people themselves. Will they let us live? That is the question. Will they fortify our belief that a people's theatre on this side of the Thames is as much needed as on the other bank, where the Old Vic has succeeded *per aspera ad astra*? We want the help of all who love the theatre; and, as we are working for a great cause, we are not ashamed to raise and proffer our hat to all who can afford and are willing to support, with the humble prayer and assurance that by Mr. Graham Morrison, the manager of the People's Theatre, Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel Road, "even the smallest contributions will be gratefully received" and wielded under careful stewardship.



THE RETURN OF ELEONORA DUSE: THE GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS WHO WILL SHORTLY REAPPEAR IN LONDON AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS.

London will soon have an opportunity to welcome again Signora Eleonora Duse, the famous Italian actress, who has not been seen on the stage here since 1906, when she took part in Miss Ellen Terry's jubilee performance. She is to appear in a series of six matinées organised by Mr. C. B. Cochran. It was stated that the first, on June 6, would probably be Ibsen's "Ghosts" or "The Lady of the Sea." Signora Duse was born at Venice in 1861. She appeared before Queen Victoria at Windsor in 1894.

Photograph by Scindus (Genoa).

futile. But what is the good of it? To revel in the slough of despond may be the sad pleasure of the few, but the world wants something different to carry on. Such plays may have an ephemeral value as curiosities—as a manifestation of the mental state of Germany to-day—but they are merely typical of a passing phase, and a repetition of such cries of despair as are born from the agonies of crisis.

Having said this, there remains but an expression of indebtedness to the Stage Society for having attempted this ambitious production; to Mr. Nugent Monck, of the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, for his guiding hand, so firm, so simple in choice of means, so telling in effect; and to the phalanx of well-known actors, among whom is Mr. Herbert Marshall, the hero, the victim of the drama, excellent by such magnificence of diction that the character will be remembered when the play will rest in quietude with many other products of "storm and stress."

AN ALL-BRITISH FINAL IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



DRIVEN TO COVER BY A HAILSTORM: SPECTATORS SHELTERING UNDER GRASS AND HILLOCKS.



MARKING HIS BALL WITH A PEN-KNIFE BEFORE THE MATCH: MR. ROGER WETHERED, THE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT DEAL.



IN THE ROUGH NEAR THE FIFTEENTH GREEN: MR. WETHERED IN PLAY DURING THE MATCH.



THE NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION: MR. ROGER WETHERED (WORPLESDON) WITH THE CUP AFTER HIS VICTORY.



ANGLO-AMERICAN GOLF COURTESIES: MR. WETHERED TAKING A CIGARETTE FROM MR. OUIMET AFTER BEATING HIM IN THE SEMI-FINAL.



THE RUNNER-UP IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. ROBERT HARRIS (ROYAL AND ANCIENT) DRIVING DURING THE MATCH.

The final of the Amateur Golf Championship, played on the Royal Cinque Ports course at Deal on Saturday, May 12, produced a very fine display of golf under trying conditions of weather. The finalists were both British players, Mr. Roger Wethered (Worplesdon) and Mr. Robert Harris (Royal and Ancient), the last American competitor, Mr. Francis Ouimet, having been eliminated in the semi-final, in which he was beaten by Mr. Wethered by 2 and 1. In the final, Mr. Wethered played magnificent golf, and Mr. Harris fought a fine uphill fight with pluck and tenacity. Mr. Wethered won by 7 holes up and 6 to play. His score

for the 30 holes played (out of 36) was 123—only 3 points above the number (120) giving an average of 4 per hole. Mr. Harris's score was 130. The figures were: 1st Round—Mr. Wethered: Out, 35; Home, 38—Total, 73. Mr. Harris: Out, 37; Home, 40—Total, 77. 2nd Round—Mr. Wethered: Out, 37; Home, 13. Mr. Harris: Out, 39; Home, 14. These scores were the more creditable considering the strong wind with squalls of rain and hail, occasionally so violent as to drive players and spectators to whatever cover they could find. Mr. Wethered is a brother of Miss Joyce Wethered, who was Lady Golf Champion last year.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG the new novels, one of the most vital and interesting is G. B. Stern's "THE BACK SEAT" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), a short book, even as novels go nowadays, but so packed with matter that its brevity leaves the reader with no sense of incompleteness. The canvas is thoroughly well filled, and one has no uncomfortable sense of having been

Mr. Carruthers' economic dependence might have been contemptible, but he is not so futile as he seems.

Perhaps Mrs. Houldsworth (G. B. Stern—I see some call her *Mr. Stern*) wishes to explode the notion that the man must be the breadwinner or perish, or she may be indulging herself with a sly, ironic criticism of "This Freedom." However that may be, Robert is not a nonentity. He had a fairly subtle brain that enabled him to combat successfully and unobtrusively a threatening domestic situation. He wanted his wife to himself, and invited her to take the second of the two back seats. That is, she was to "rest" for six months, escape from the social and artistic whirlpool that was her life, be domestic, and darn his neglected socks. He had tried "to be a good wife" to her; now it was her turn to play the like.

I can recall few equally successful pictures in little of the fashionable actress's distressful days of "rush." Since "Miss Bretherton" (if one dare mention Mrs. Humphry Ward's first, and in many ways best, story in the same breath with one of the brilliant new writers) and Anthony Hope's "A Servant of the Public," there has been no such complete and understanding portrait of the theatrical star *intime*. Sandra Belloni, more singer than actress, moves on the ethereal and Olympian Meredithian plane, and stands above comparison with any Leonora Carruthers. Leonora is no Olympian; just a capable, successful player, a little above mediocrity and a little below genius. Her acting is only once important to the story. It is her off-the-stage life that counts. That life is very neatly summed up in the author's phrase, "breathlessly jostled by the many gay things crowding into the gay day." There is first-rate fun in the scenes where Leonora appears in the interviewer's hands, and if the illustrated papers get a shrewd knock or two for fatuity and banality in descriptive letterpress, this journal bears no malice. In his last novel, by the way, Mr. Michael Sadleir justifies his finer literary perceptions with similar jokes. It is the fashion: it does no harm, and it may even do good.

I refuse to spoil "The Back Seat" by giving a tabloid version here; nor will I say in what very interesting and poignant form a usurper of Leonora's place threatened to arise, or what came of that episode. The story is too closely wrought to be summarised. It lives in every line, and shows, I think, that the author's art is mellowing, and her powers of observation and insight maturing. There are fewer squibs and crackers than in her former works, which sometimes left one a trifle dazzled and deafened. Human frailty, amiable domestic humbug and self-deceptions may be exposed as before, but it is with a gentler touch. Here, once again, as in several recent novels by other hands, the modern spirit seems to be coming to terms with old institutions. The book makes no concessions to mawkishness, but at the same time it holds no truck with cynicism, and the result is something very fresh, wholesome, and attractive.

Two other new books by women writers have come to my table this week, and both have proved profoundly interesting. Apart from their context, these volumes make a special appeal to me because they are Northern products. The authors are Scotswomen, distinguished graduates of Aberdeen University. There and in a wider circle Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor and Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie made a name as poets. On this occasion their medium is prose: Miss Mackenzie has given us a novel of Deeside, "WITHOUT CONDITIONS" (Heinemann; 6s.); Mrs. Annand Taylor a volume of essays that is in some sense a compendious history, "ASPECTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE" (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d.), a poet's prose-poem on a period.

To those who know Mrs. Taylor's former books, "Rose and Vine," and "The Hours of Fiammetta," her delicately poetical and artistically romantic treatment of the Renaissance will be no surprise. To her the period has long been an object of worship, and to this book she has devoted many years of study. Perhaps she has over-idealised it. Burckhardt said that if its most ardent modern admirer were taken back

to the actual life of that time, he could not endure its conditions for a quarter of an hour. This is a salutary corrective to the too rhapsodic mood, but only a corrective. It is not to be taken as a negative; for the period certainly afforded sufficient material for the exposition of beauty in art and letters. And it is as such an exposition that this book best finds its account.

It is, however, chiefly a book for those who already know something of the subject. So many great names are introduced in a passing allusion that readers without previous knowledge may miss the full scope of the argument. But those who come in any way prepared will be impressed with Mrs. Taylor's easy handling in brief of her huge subject, and with the general rightness of her scheme. She is on intimate terms with all the men and women of the Renaissance, and she places them on her tapestry with an artist's skill. The book is perhaps best compared to a tapestry, beautiful to look at, even if the full meaning of the design may elude our ignorance.

Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie's first novel, "Without Conditions," is not her first book. Besides her poems, she edited, in collaboration with Miss Anna Shepherd, an anthology of the best verse that had appeared during twenty-one years in the magazine of her Alma Mater. Although not an Aberdonian by birth, she has chosen Deeside as the scene of her first full-dress effort in fiction. But here is no Kailyard delving. Miss Mackenzie has been most happily inspired to go back to 1848, to set her scene in the county, and to choose her actors from county families. There is a touch of Jane Austenism in her delicate etchings of polite society, but it is Austenism in crinolines, most delightful and billowy to behold. Here is an aristocratic setting that has been somewhat rare in Scottish fiction for many a day.

The writing, highly finished and fastidious, pleased me more than the actual story, a curious episode of courtship and honeymoon, which seemed to be much ado about nothing without the necessary justification of whimsicality. But I trust the author



THE FRENCH MONUMENT OF GRATITUDE FOR AMERICAN AID: THE DESIGN FOR THE SEAWARD SIDE—A COLOSSAL FIGURE OF FRANCE ON A PROW-SHAPED BASE SCANNING THE OCEAN FOR THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

The monument will overlook the sea at the Pointe de Grave, at the mouth of the Gironde, where the first American contingents landed. The figure of France (65 ft. high), by the famous sculptor, Antoine Bourdelle, is inspired by the tradition of the Athene Parthenos of Phidias. The whole design is illustrated and described on the opposite page.

fobbed off with a mere sketch. It is a little book, but yet a book and a good book at that.

In many ways I prefer the new story to the author's previous one, able though "The Room" was. There, the rather hectic picture of modern youth reacted uncomfortably at times on those who prefer a little serenity in their fiction. "The Room" dated itself, and had little of the universal in it. "The Back Seat," although not exactly serene, has yet a quieter atmosphere, and is not so likely to get out of date as its predecessor. The central situation is more general, and will be understood long after the present phase of manners and morals has passed. Post-war aggressiveness is becoming old-fashioned, but the egotism of the actress, her insatiable craving for applause, and the torture of seeing younger players usurp the place of public favour, will always remain. Nor is this peculiar to the abstracts and brief chronicles of their time. Every painter, every musician, every politician, every writer, every preacher, every prominent servant of the public, knows the hour of supersession for his private hell. There are two back seats in the novel. One is permanent, the other temporary. The first was taken, before the story opens, by Robert Carruthers, who having failed as an iron-broker, and then as a leather-broker, retired on nothing to a contented career of home-carpentry and fretwork. He had two passions—one for his wife, the great actress, Leonora Carruthers; and the other for making preposterous wooden gadgets to adorn the home in Edwards Square. He was always breaking out in a new place: a cupboard here, a set of shelves there, and all very good, abominably ugly, and doubtfully useful. Leonora loved him with a rather frayed but still loyal affection, and put up with his futility. Her great earnings kept the house together. She did not mind, and Robert did not mind. In less skilful hands



FRANCE'S GREAT MONUMENT OF GRATITUDE FOR AMERICA'S AID: THE DESIGN FOR THE LANDWARD SIDE, SHOWING ITS COMMEMORATIVE TABLET AND APPROACH CORRIDOR WITH MURAL BAS-RELIEFS.

At the foot of the central tablet are figures of a French and an American soldier, one on each side. The side walls of the corridor will be adorned with bas-reliefs by M. Henri Navarre, the French sculptor.

Drawings by the Architect, M. André Ventre.

means to follow up this most promising beginning. She has the gift of drawing both character and scenery with unusual skill, her domestic interiors are exquisite, and I look forward to many more of the same kind.

FRENCH GRATITUDE TO AMERICA: A SISTER TO THE "LIBERTY."

FROM A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECT, M. ANDRÉ VENTRE, OF HIS MODEL FOR THE MONUMENT.



TO STAND WHERE THE FIRST AMERICAN CONTINGENTS LANDED IN FRANCE IN 1917: THE DESIGN FOR THE GREAT FRENCH MEMORIAL (325 FEET HIGH), TO BE ERECTED AT THE MOUTH OF THE GIRONDE.

The foundation-stone of the colossal monument to commemorate the gratitude of France for American aid in the war was laid on September 6, 1919 (the anniversary both of the first Battle of the Marne and of the birth of La Fayette) by the President of the French Republic and the United States Ambassador to France. The site for the memorial, which will be 325 ft. high, is on the cliffs at the Pointe de Grave, at the mouth of the Gironde, where the first American contingents landed from the transports "Orleans" and "Rochester." The general design, which has been altered

considerably since its first conception, has been prepared by M. Bartholomé and M. André Ventre, the architect of the famous "Trench of Bayonets" monument at Verdun. The colossal statue of France, scanning the horizon for the American ships, by the eminent French sculptor, M. Antoine Bourdelle, recalls the statue of "Liberty" in New York harbour. One bas-relief will represent the arrival of La Fayette in the United States in 1777, another the landing of the Americans in France in 1917. A model of this monument is in the Paris Salon.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TO BE REVIVED FOR THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF "BART'S": OLD BARTHOLOMEW FAIR—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY A. FORESTIER. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 856.)



AS IN HENRY VIII'S DAY: BARTHOLOMEW FAIR AT SMITHFIELD—TO BE RESUMED WHEN ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL CELEBRATES ITS "EIGHT HUNDRED SUMMERS OF RENOWN."

The great feature of the celebrations of the eight-hundredth anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital will be the revival of old Bartholomew Fair, in Smithfield, on June 6, 7 and 8. "This drawing," writes Mr. Forestier, "represents a conjectural view of Smithfield during the Fair in Henry the Eighth's reign before the suppression of the monasteries. On the right of the picture is the entrance to St. Bartholomew's Hospital through Henry the Seventh's Gate. The church and tower of St. Bartholomew-the-Less appear immediately behind the gate. . . . The church of St. Bartholomew the Great appears in the background, showing the west front, in the style of the thirteenth century, with two turrets above the side doors. The nave is visible, as well as the great tower where hung a peal of bells that went to St. Sepulchre's Church when the tower was pulled down. The church was approached through a fortified gate. . . . On the right of the church are perceived the roofs of part of the monastic buildings. On its left the wall is hidden by the booths of the Fair, which abounded

near the church, and where the amusements of the Fair were chiefly to be found. Cloth Fair is indicated by a double row of booths, within the churchyard. Houses extended to the left to the corner of Long Lane and beyond, where a horse fair is taking place. In the left foreground is one of the famous elms under which stood the gallows. A gypsy encampment is in the left foreground, close to 'the river of wells'. On the right is an open-air eating-place, and in the middle of Smithfield are the usual tumblers and mountebanks, wrestlers, stilt-walkers, rope-dancers, and jugglers, each attracting their own crowd, while merry fellows dance and play the fool, beggars whine incessantly, gentlemen and ladies ride or walk, preceded by their page boy, and rogues are led away by the guards. Booths and taverns are driving a roaring trade, and one may imagine the incessant din from drum and trumpet and the discordant shouts that went to make up all the fun of Bartholomew Fair."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

By A. FORESTIER.

WHEN Rayer (called in Latin Raherus, anglicised as Rahere), "a pleasant and witty gentleman," says Stowe, "and therefore the King's Minstrel," feeling pangs of conscience, left the frivolous Court of Henry I., which he had enlivened by his jokes, and went on pilgrimage to Rome to do penance for his sins before the shrines of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, he vowed that, if he recovered from an extreme sickness that had seized him during his stay in the Eternal City, and was able again to reach England, he would make a hospital "in recreation of poor men, and to them so gathered minister after his powers." "The vow was approved by the benign and merciful Lord," Rayer was restored to health, and in the course of his return journey he had a vision of the great St. Bartholomew, who commanded him to found a church in the suburb of London at a place called Smithfield (otherwise, the Smooth Field), promising him assistance.

Rayer obeyed the command: he petitioned and obtained Henry the First's grant of the land he desired, "for it was contained in the King's market," and there, in time, raised his church with the help of people attracted by a superstitious reverence for a man who, "with cunning of truth," instructed them in the word of God and exhorted them to deeds of charity. It was not then a pleasant place: the soil was marshy, and planted with gallows for thieves. But the work prospered. Both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London consecrated the adjoining field as a cemetery. Clerks were brought together to live under regular institution, Rahere naturally being appointed Prior. Miracles occurred. St. Bartholomew's fame spread far and wide. Pilgrims flocked thither in numbers and with them dealers in articles of piety, rosaries, crosses, medals, souvenirs of all sorts; and with these, it can be presumed, sellers of meat and drink. The "Smoothfield" was, we are told, in the King's market where horses and cattle were sold, and shambles stood near by. It was a place of execution. In 1305 Wallace, the Scottish hero, was done to death there in revolting circumstances. The Priory of St. Bartholomew had a purifying influence. The fête day of the saint, Aug. 24, attracted an extraordinary number of worshippers.

A fair was instituted under the auspices of the chief City magistrate* and aldermen, who duly came in full pomp to proclaim it. Strict regulations were established (not always observed), and for three days a great deal of trade in all sorts of things and products was made, the London drapers having their booths within the churchyard—permanent structures which were closed and guarded for fear of theft. They were the origin of Clothfair, that narrow street until lately passing between two rows of old houses (one of them now demolished) which had gradually superseded the ancient booths of the drapers. Besides military exercises and jousting and tournaments, games of all sorts and sports were indulged in at Smithfield—sword and buckler, quarter-staff, archery, races, probably football. The 'prentices would enjoy the place exceedingly. A row of elms grew along what was called "the river of wells," an expanse of water or pond formed by the meeting of several brooks which came from a number of springs or wells arising in the neighbourhood—Clerken well, Tode's well, Rede's well, Skinners well, Fags well, and others. This "river" flowed into the near city ditch which joined the Fleet below Fleet Bridge (Ludgate Hill). At Smithfield it was used, of course, as a watering-place for horses and so on. Holebourne, or Old bourne (Holborn) the river of wells, flowed near by where now runs Farringdon Road.

The Fair became naturally a rendezvous for tumblers and mountebanks, quack doctors, acrobats, ropedancers, and wrestlers; and, as it developed, was a centre of amusements of a rough kind; while eating and drinking and merry-making attracted all the citizens, who gorged themselves with roast pig—a speciality of the Fair—sausages, and oysters.

The church of St. Bartholomew was founded in 1123; so was the hospital, whose 800th anniversary

is to be commemorated this year by a revival of the Fair, produced by the students with great ceremonial. The hospital had its separate chapel, now the church of St. Bartholomew the Less, which stood within its precincts, but its date is much later, about 1400-1410.† The great church (St. Bartholomew the Great) was not finished at Rahere's death in 1143. The nave



NOW 800 YEARS OLD: ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL—THE ENTRANCE THROUGH KING HENRY'S GATE.

Photograph by Topical.

was completed about 1240. Meanwhile, the monastic buildings were growing, and at the beginning of the fifteenth century the Priory offered all the resources of the great abbeys in cloisters, dormitories, guest-house, and kitchen gardens. Canonbury was the canons' country house. The monks belonged to the Order of St. Augustine. Rahere had at first assembled thirteen canons regular, but that number was increased to thirty-five by Thomas, the second Prior.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AS A GREAT MEDICAL TRAINING SCHOOL: THE SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED MUSEUM.—[Photograph by Topical.]

At the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the Priory was surrendered to the King by Robert Fuller, the last Prior, in 1539. The hospital was closed, and the canons were dismissed. What became of them no one knows. A few years later, in Edward the Sixth's time, the church was more than half destroyed. So were the monastic buildings, the materials being used, they say, by the Duke of Somerset, the Protector, who is accused of blowing up with gunpowder the Priory of St. John's and its beautiful spire, to obtain the materials for building his palace in the Strand, which he did not live to see completed (not the present Somerset House, which only dates back to 1776-1786, the year of its completion). On

December 27, 1546, one month before his death, Henry VIII., yielding to the prayer of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens, decided to refound the hospital. He made a gift of it to the City of London, together with other places. So that he became the second founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and his statue figures over the present gate, which, however, was built in 1702.

Those changes did not affect the Fair, which year after year went on merrily. The Smoothfield, which at first was a morass in wet weather, when thousands of people and animals were assembled there, had been paved by order of the King—James I. This was in 1614. The burning of heretics had not prevented people from meeting on the same spot for trade and amusement. The new condition of things, including the suppression of the gallows, invited the building of numerous houses permanently devoted to trade. Ben Jonson wrote his comedy of "Bartholomew Fair" at that time. Therein he gives us a lively picture of the characters through which he satirises the follies and vices of the Fair.

People of condition now ventured to visit it. Carriages brought them in. They could walk dry-foot on the flagstones laid in front of the shops, and entered the good inns for a meal.

Pepys records several visits to the place, and evidently derived some enjoyment from it. Evelyn also had been there, but had come back scandalised by the gross and licentious display he had witnessed. Gradually the booths increased in number and variety; stage plays were given; puppet shows were greatly in favour; shows of all sorts appeared, all competing in noise, so much so that the neighbours, who could not sleep at night on account of the kettledrums, or during the day could hardly reach their doors owing to the crowds—let alone their own trade being stopped—protested against an undue prolongation of the Fair, which at the time of the Restoration had largely exceeded the three days to which it should have been restricted. The Lord Mayor and Council of Aldermen were petitioned, and in 1708 an announcement appeared in the *Gazette* reducing the duration of the Fair to three days, and no more. The Fair, it is true, had become a scene of disorder and debauchery. A number of thieves and rogues of all descriptions, causing tumults and violence, were constantly apprehended, but many more escaped.

However, there were theatrical and musical booths offering great interest. Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was performed at the Fair in 1727-28. Fielding had a great theatrical booth at the George Inn yard at Smithfield, where his dramatic opera, "Hunter; or the Beggar's Wedding," was performed in 1729. He gave several other plays at the same inn, among others, in 1736, the "Fourberies de Scapin," adapted from Molière's comedy. There were four theatrical booths. They formed a diversion from the strange and wonderful creatures, such as the elephant firing a gun, the learned pig, and the six-legged sheep.

The Court of Piepowder was formally opened by the Lord Mayor when he proclaimed the Fair, to settle disputes and differences between members of the Fair. It was part of the Fair, and lasted to the end. Its decisions were upheld, and against any error an appeal to the Courts of Westminster was allowed, and "such courts had the right to issue writs of execution in aid of their process after judgment, when the person or effects of

the defendant were not in the Fair, and therefore beyond the ancient limits of their jurisdiction. (Act 19 George III., cap. 70:)" The Lord Mayor, for the maintenance of peace, placed a City Marshal at the Ram Inn, with a strong body of constables.

So Bartholomew Fair went on until the year 1855, when it was definitely suppressed.

This abbreviated account is based on Henry Morley's exhaustive memorial, "Bartholomew Fair," and articles by J. Saunders on the Priory and Church of St. Bartholomew's, in "London," edited by Chas. Knight (1851); Loftie's "History of London," and other sources.

* The first Mayor on record is FitzAlwyn in 1189.

† The present church was rebuilt in 1823.

IN RUSKIN'S VIEW, THE WORLD'S MOST GLORIOUS WORK OF SCULPTURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FÉLIX DE GRAY. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



MODELLED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI'S TEACHER, ANDREA DEL VERROCCHIO, IN 1481: THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF BARTOLOMEO COLLEONI, IN THE CAMPO SANTI GIOVANNI E PAOLO, AT VENICE.

Ruskin said: "I do not believe there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world than the equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni." It stands at Venice, in the centre of the Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo, opposite the Dominican church of that name. The statue was modelled in 1481 by Andrea del Verrocchio, among whose pupils were Leonardo da Vinci and (probably) Pietro Perugino. After Verrocchio's death it was cast in bronze in 1493 by Alessandro Leopardi, who also designed the lofty marble pedestal. Verrocchio was born at Florence in 1432; and

is described by Vasari as "a goldsmith, a master of perspective, a sculptor and carver, a painter, and a musician." Another famous work of his is the bronze statue of David in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. His only extant picture is the "Baptism of Christ," in which Leonardo is said to have helped him. He died at Venice in 1488. The subject of the above statue, Bartolomeo Colleoni, was a Venetian general who died in 1475. His tomb is in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, at Bergamo, which he founded.

EXPECTING A VISIT FROM THE KING AND QUEEN ON WHIT SUNDAY: SANDHURST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



PLUNGING COLD STEEL INTO A LINE OF DUMMY ENEMIES: CADETS AT SANDHURST, IN STEEL HELMETS, MAKING A PRACTICE BAYONET CHARGE.



WHERE THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE HAS BEEN HOUSED THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS



SINCE THREE YEARS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO: AT SANDHURST.



INCLUDING AN INDIAN: CADETS OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST PRACTISING TRENCH WARFARE WITH A LEWIS GUN.



INSTRUCTION IN THE LATEST PHASE OF SCIENTIFIC WARFARE: AN OPEN-AIR WIRELESS CLASS AT SANDHURST.



BUDDING OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY WIELDING PICK AND SHOVEL: CADETS AT SANDHURST DIGGING TRENCHES.



DRILLING WITH FIXED BAYONETS: A PARADE OF CADETS IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST.



INDOOR RECREATION AT SANDHURST: CADETS HAVING A GAME OF PING PONG WHILE ANOTHER PLAYS THE PIANO.



WHERE SOLDIERLY SIMPLICITY IN FURNITURE IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY: A SANDHURST CADET IN A DORMITORY.



HOW THE SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY CADETS AT SANDHURST TAKE THEIR MEALS: THE MESS-ROOM.



LEARNING TO APPLY THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES TO MILITARY USES: AN INDOOR CLASS IN WIRELESS.



THE COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR R. B. STEPHENS, K.C.B., C.M.G.

The King and Queen, it was announced recently, have arranged to spend a few hours to-morrow (Whit Sunday) with the cadets at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, whither they will drive by motor from the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot. Their Majesties will arrive soon after 10 a.m., and, after inspecting the cadets, will attend Divine service with them. The town of Sandhurst, in Berkshire, is about nine miles north of Aldershot—and the College buildings stand two miles away to the south-east, in beautiful grounds containing a large lake. The Royal Military College was established here in 1812, three years before Waterloo. It had been originally founded, by the then Duke of York, at High Wycombe, in 1799, and in 1802 he removed it to Great Marlow, where it remained until its

transference to Sandhurst. In 1858 the system of training was remodelled, Sandhurst up to that time having formed the Junior Department of the Royal Military College. There is now accommodation for 700 cadets, and the number in residence at present is stated to be 600. The course of training, which includes practical experience of all details of a soldier's life, as well as scientific military studies, occupies two years; after which the cadets enter on their career in the Army. The great interest which they have shown in wireless has led the College authorities to instal a powerful broadcasting apparatus. The present Commandant of Sandhurst, Major-General Sir Reginald Eynge Stephens, served in the Great War, and was severely wounded in the South African War.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER: THE HUGE "LEVIATHAN," FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE GERMAN "VATERLAND."

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES E. TURNER.



THE AMERICAN "INVASION" OF ENGLAND: A FLOATING CITY WHICH WILL BRING A "POPULATION" OF OVER 3000 TO BRITISH SHORES.

The world's largest ship, the huge S.S. "Leviathan," of the U.S. Lines (formerly known as the "Vaterland"), is about to cross the Atlantic on her maiden voyage as a passenger liner under the American flag. She has a gross tonnage of 59,956 tons, is 950 ft. long, 100 ft. wide, 124 ft. high from keel to bridge, and has 9 decks. The next three largest existing ships are the "Majestic" (56,000 tons), "President Harding" (54,282 tons), and "Berenegaria" (52,022 tons). The "Leviathan" will leave New York on Independence Day (July 4) for Cherbourg and Southampton, where she is due to arrive on July 10. In addition to her ordinary passengers, she will carry a party of members of the American Cabinet, Congressmen, and Senators, as guests of Chairman Lasker,

of the United States Shipping Board. It is a wonderful sight to see such an immense vessel being tenderly "nursed" into dock by comparatively tiny but very powerful tugs. At night the blaze of myriad lights adds to the impressive effect, as, to the sound of many sirens and whistles, the great ship slowly approaches the quayside. The "Vaterland" was built at Hamburg and commissioned in 1914, but in August of that year she was interned in New York. In 1917, as an American troop-ship (renamed the "Leviathan"), she broke the troop-transport record for carrying-capacity. She carries 976 first-class passengers; 548 second class; and 1887 third class. Officers and crew number 1100, making the total 4511. She has been converted into an oil-burner.—(Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.)

LIKE A PALACE ASHORE: IN A GREAT LINER.

BY COURTESY OF THE U.S. LINES, LTD.



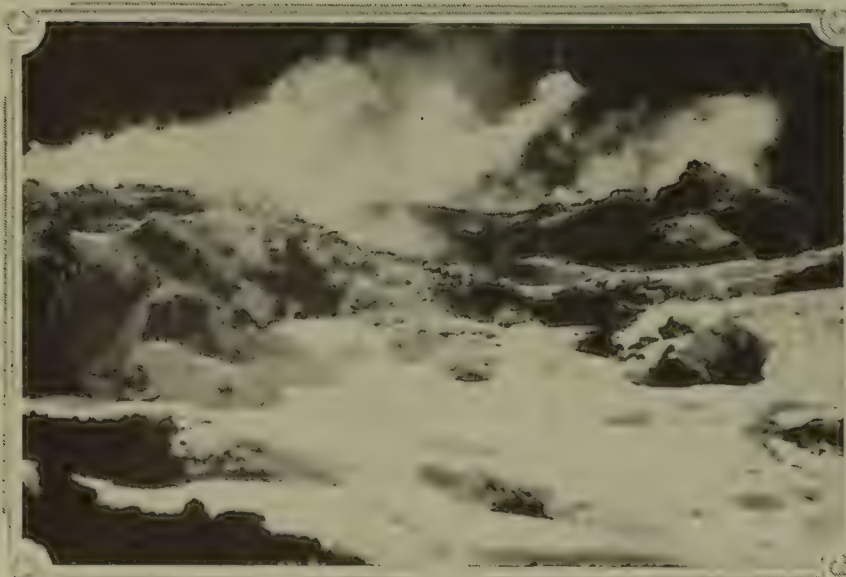
WHERE TYPICAL AMERICAN BEAUTIES POSED TO ASSIST THE COLOUR-SCHEME OF DECORATION: THE S.S. "LEVIATHAN"—
THE GRAND STAIRCASE TO THE FOYER OF THE RITZ-CARLTON WINTER GARDEN RESTAURANT.

The "Leviathan" of the U.S. Lines (formerly the German "Vaterland"), as mentioned on our double-page colour illustration of the ship, is the largest liner in the world, and is about to make her maiden trip across the Atlantic as a passenger steamer under the American flag. The interior of the vessel presents the appearance of a great building on land, making it hard for the passengers to believe that they are really afloat. The ornate and garish German scheme of decoration has been entirely superseded by a new one according to the best canons of taste, and the big public rooms have been repainted in grey, green and buff. They include a

social hall and theatre, leading from which through a foyer is the Ritz-Carlton winter garden, modelled on the famous London hotels. The wall frescoes, which had been spoilt in storage, have been replaced by new ones. In order to obtain the best colour-effects in decorating the various rooms, a number of beautiful American girls posed while the walls and furniture were draped in various shades. The girls were selected from the stage, the cinema, and artists' models, to represent different types of beauty familiar in the work of well-known American artists, such as Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, and Howard Chandler Christy.

FIRE AND SNOW MINGLED ON A VOLCANO: ETNA IN ERUPTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. BRUNI AND ALINARI BROTHERS; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



THE BEGINNING OF THE RECENT ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA: LAVA BOILING UP AMID THE SURROUNDING SNOW.



SHOWING AN ADVENTUROUS OBSERVER PICKING HIS WAY NEAR THE ACTIVE CRATER: ANOTHER VIEW OF MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION.



IN GREEK LEGEND, THE MOUNTAIN WITH WHICH ZEUS CRUSHED THE GIANTS TYPHON AND ENCELADUS, AND THE FORGE OF HEPHÆSTUS (VULCAN): A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF THE CLOUD-CAPPED SUMMIT OF ETNA IN THE WINTER.



THE GREAT SICILIAN VOLCANO WHICH RECENTLY EJECTED A NEW STREAM OF LAVA, ACCOMPANIED BY EXPLOSIONS: THE CONE OF ETNA.



APPROACHING THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ETNA TOWARDS THE END OF WINTER: SNOW ON THE LAVA FIELD OF EUROPE'S GREATEST VOLCANO.

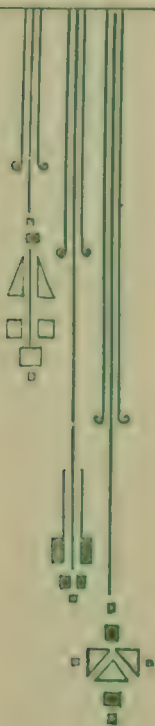
Mount Etna broke into fresh eruption on May 5. On the 7th it was stated that a stream of lava, 20 ft. wide, was flowing slowly eastward towards the Valley of the Lion. There was no apparent danger to villages or cultivation. On the 8th it was reported that volcanic activity had considerably increased, the explosions being more intense, while the principal lava stream was 360 yards wide and 20 ft. deep. The summit of Etna, rising to about 10,800 ft., is about 18 miles from Catania, which was overwhelmed, with its 15,000 inhabitants, by a great eruption in 1169. More than 80 eruptions are recorded in history, the greatest in 1669. One

of the earliest known was that of 476 B.C., seen and described by Pindar. The last took place in March 1910. In shape Etna is a truncated cone, split on the west by the Valle del Bove, a huge sterile abyss, three miles wide and bounded by sheer cliffs from 2000 to 4000 ft. high. Some 200 subsidiary cones rise over lateral fissures. There are three distinct zones of vegetation on the slopes. The zone of cultivation, richly fertile and densely populated, extends up to 3000 ft. Then comes forest, and at the top is bare ground without animal life, and covered with snow most of the year.



THESE exquisite examples of turquoise mosaic, a mask and shield, were among others found in a cave in the Mixteca, Mexico. In the book quoted below, Mr. Marshall Saville says: "We believe that the objects in this cave deposit were used by the Indians after the Spanish conquest. . . . If they resorted to the cave to worship in secret their ancient gods, we can explain the worn condition of nearly all these . . . relics of a lost but not entirely forgotten civilisation. There is not the slightest reason for doubting their origin in pre-Spanish times. . . . The shield is the most important example of aboriginal American mosaic art known. It is in an almost perfect state of preservation. Nearly 14,000 individual pieces enter into the composition. The design represents a sun disc, with eight pointers. The scene portrayed perhaps relates to the worship of the planet Venus." The upper horizontal band represents the celestial region, with the sun a rosette in the centre. A person, probably a goddess, is seen falling or descending from the sun. Facing the plunging figure are two human figures, one on each side, holding something like a staff. Below is a hieroglyph, the well-known glyph for Culhuacan, an important town in ancient times. The form of the glyph is a mountain with a curved peak.

FOUND IN A MEXICAN CAVE AND PROBABLY USED IN SECRET WORSHIP OF AZTEC GODS AFTER THE SPANISH CONQUEST: A WOODEN MASK DECORATED WITH TURQUOISE MOSAIC (7½ IN. HIGH BY 6½ IN. WIDE)



CONTAINING NEARLY 14,000 SEPARATE PIECES: "THE MOST IMPORTANT EXAMPLE OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN MOSAIC ART"—A WOODEN SHIELD (12½ IN. ACROSS) BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE WORSHIP OF THE PLANET VENUS.



The so-called New World has antiquities of no less interest than those of the Old World, and American archaeologists are busily opening up new fields of discovery in their own continent. In the book (mentioned below) from which these remarkable Mexican mosaics are reproduced, Mr. Marshall H. Saville writes: "One of the tragedies of the discovery of the New World was the abrupt and

summary blotting out of the flourishing and still advancing civilisation of the Aztec and other Mexican tribes. . . . Their craftsmanship was equal to that of the best lapidaries of Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century. . . . The materials usually employed in Mexico (i.e., for mosaic) were turquoise, jadeite, malachite, quartz, beryl, garnet, obsidian, marcasite, gold . . . shell, and nacre."

REPRODUCED FROM "TURQUOISE MOSAIC ART IN ANCIENT MEXICO," BY MARSHALL H. SAVILLE, BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN—HEYE FOUNDATION, NEW YORK.

Complex Simplicity: The Lango as They Live.

"THE LANGO: A NILOTIC TRIBE OF UGANDA." By J. H. DRIBERG.*

THE Lango are a nude, good-looking Nilotic tribe who originated near to and north of the Languyang, and were such "bonny fechtors" that they clubbed and whipped and speared forward, in sanguinary waves as devouring as the spate of the Nyangaragot, until they now command—under protection—an area of some 5673 square miles of land and water. In the old days blades were rare; but Civilisation, with its barter, brought the metal hoe to the agriculturist-warrior, and stabbing spears and throwing spears became common; cudgel and buffalolash had had their reign. So it has been with other things; Progress has set crushing heel upon prostrate Passivity, and, taking it all in all, it must be confessed that the despot has proved to be beneficent—a fact emphasised, incidentally, when Mr. Driberg acknowledges that his book could not have seen the light but for the generous financial assistance extended by the Uganda Government and the Lango Lukiko, or Council of Chiefs.

The Lango continue, however, to live a life of complex primitiveness, conforming to their kind. Nothing is So Simple for them. They are so swathed in bonds of tribal manners and customs, traditional and national, they they might well rank with the rule-bound, after-war European!

To illustrate the point, take the foundation of a village and the building of the huts. Few of our own Councils could provide a more intricate set of by-laws and regulations!

"A man desirous of building a new village first consults *Jok* [God] through the medium of an *ajoka* [a medicine-man] as to the merits of a particular site. He will be ordered to apply one of the numerous tests usually prescribed. Thus he may be recommended to place eggs in a certain spot or to throw them at haphazard into the bush, and after the interval of a few days the *ajoka* will be able to read the signs and portents ensuing; or, more practically, he may be advised to plant grain and to be guided by the nature of the crop. . . . Thus by numerous omens is a man able to foretell the character of a site; but not till he has definitely occupied it will be know with certainty that it is not in 'the path of God' (*yo jok*, also called *yo yamo*, 'the path of the wind')—that is, the road by which *jok*, frequently passes. He will first learn this by numerous inexplicable deaths, after which, if he is a wise man, he will move his village."

The site having been settled, there is another appeal to *jok*, who is requested to say whether or no the builder may utilise the thatch of his old house. "If *jok* allows it (as he generally does), it will be used on the *goin*, or shed, not on the house itself. If *jok* disapproves, the old grass is left *in situ*, and disregard of the order will result in disease following the builder to his new home. Before entering the completed house, however, the man's wife must brew some special beer, which is drunk on the third day after brewing, and enables a family to enter into occupation with safety. Fire is not newly made, but is brought from the old house."

A village may vary from ten to a hundred and fifty huts, and, unlike that of many other Nilotic tribes, is destitute of any kind of zariba, a tribute to the Lango's valour!

The community, whatever its size, comprises *ot*, *otogo*, and *goin*, granaries, chicken-houses, and cattle-kraal, with, possibly, a sleeping-hut (*ot aguruguru*),

"reserved for guests or occupied when the owner is living apart from his wife," and an *otogo anyira*, or girls' dormitory, "where in former days all the unmarried girls of the village used to sleep together after attaining the age of puberty in the charge of an aged matron—a practice almost entirely fallen into desuetude."

The *ot* is the hut of the married man, and belongs to his wife. "For each wife a man has to build a separate house and separate granaries, just as for each wife separate crops have to be cultivated. It is not built, however, until the woman has given birth to a child, till which time she lives with the man in his *otogo* (bachelor quarters)."

"The *ot* is a circular, dome-like structure, the roof being thatched with grass arranged in flounces, and rising from a mud wall eighteen inches to two feet in height." The circle of ground covered is usually some eleven feet in diameter—a size determined by the very indifferent native woods used for the uprights and the concentric rings of rafters. "Owing to the poor quality of the timber and the ravages of termites and borers, a house rarely stands for more than three

The floor is of cow-dung and earth, mixed. Little wonder that Mr. Driberg opines: "Bursitis patellæ and fibrous tumours on the hips and elbows are very usual, due, probably, to the crawling position necessary for entering their huts, and to the hard surface of the floor on which they sleep, with only the intervention of a little grass or a thin hide."

The *otogo* is the bachelor's quarters, erected by the boy on attaining puberty and having his father's permission to leave his mother's house. "These huts are built on piles varying from three and a half to seven and a half feet above the ground. They are exceedingly small, being only about four and a half feet in diameter; and the circular opening used for a door—only just wide enough for the body to squeeze through—is reached by a log staircase (*apelan*), sometimes covered in by a roof and reed sides, or, in very superior huts, by mud sides. . . . So small is the doorway and steep the staircase, that entrance and exit have to be made slowly on hands and feet. But, in spite of their small proportions, these huts will, on occasion, accommodate from four to five men."

The reasons assigned for these curious constructions are various and ingenious. Mr. Driberg dismisses as hopelessly inadequate the theory held by some "that the unmarried men were made to live in these houses for moral reasons, and that once they had turned in for the night, their elders scattered ashes on the ground in order to detect them should they visit any of their girl friends before the dawn," stating that the idea has no foundation in fact, and pointing out that the method of detection cited would be equally effective if the huts were on the ground. Nor does he believe greatly in the Lango explanations: that the *otogo* were raised so that the sleeping inmates could not be stabbed by spears thrust through the roof; and, alternatively, that they were made small in order to eliminate the cold night air and were set on piles that a fire might be lighted beneath them, and so made to warm them up for the night; hence, possibly, the ashes of the story! Yet another notion is that the *otogo* were elevated "to prevent the youths being 'magic-ed' at

a particularly susceptible period of their lives."

The *goins* are the sheds for cooking and grinding, and for storing pots.

The girls' *otogo* is built on the ground, and is considerably larger than the bachelors', having a diameter of twelve feet. Its doorway is small and raised six inches above the ground by a plaster step, and "it is black and shiny with the semsem oil which has rubbed off the girls' bodies."

With such housing and accommodation, the Lango live contentedly enough: the women working with the men, wiving them, brewing their beer, and bearing them children, the while holding higher position than they would in many another tribe; the men fighting when permitted, cultivating the soil, watching the cattle, hunting whenever they have the chance.

Thus Mr. Driberg on one phase of Lango life. He is equally interesting, equally thorough, equally

erudite, on the others, and he rivets the attention always. His range is immense—History, Environment, Physical and Psychological Characteristics, Mode of Life, Social Organisation, Religion and Magic; each section divided and sub-divided—and he adds fables, and a most valuable grammar, with vocabularies. Truly his book was well worth the travel and research it entailed. Congratulations are due.—E.H.G.



A BACHELOR CRAWLING OUT OF HIS HUT ENTRANCE AND DOWNSTAIRS: A LANGO DWELLING FOR AN UNMARRIED MAN.



EXCEPTIONALLY FINE: LANGO BACHELORS' HUTS ON PILES, SHOWING THE SMALL, CIRCULAR ENTRANCES.

Mr. Driberg denies the truth of the theory that these huts were raised on piles for reasons of morality—to keep the unmarried men indoors at night. He also states that it is not true that ashes were spread around them, that footprints of any man walking abroad after dusk might be detected.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Lango." By Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

years. . . . There is one doorway (*do-hika*) at the front, with a porch (*gola*) projecting two feet. . . . The actual opening of the porch and doorway is only just sufficiently large for a body to crawl through on hands and knees, and is closed from inside by a stiff, plaited, mat-like door."

The interior arrangements are of the simplest: "Immediately on the right, on entering, is the grindstone, which may be used in wet weather; on the left a raised dais (*tuli*) on which the occupants sleep. On the other side is the *anok*, a corner reserved for goats. It is cut off by a low plaster wall about three to six inches high, in which pegs are driven, and to the pegs the goats are tied. . . . Opposite the door and on the far side are the cooking-stones and the fire. . . . The smoke usually escapes through the door, but sometimes there is a smoke-hole on the lee side of the roof." Pots are set along the wall by the fire, and a shelf across the house holds small articles and firewood. The dais is spread with grass and sleeping hides, sometimes supplemented with bark-mats.

* "The Lango: A Nilotic Tribe of Uganda." By J. H. Driberg (Uganda Civil Service). Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 63s. net.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

OUR QUEEN was immensely admired in Italy. The enthusiastic Italians were never tired of praising her Majesty's stately carriage, beautiful blue eyes, wonderful fair complexion, and wavy silvered hair. It was all a beauty rare with them. Those who have in old times criticised the Queen's taste in dress do not do so now; it may not be—indeed, happily, it never is—in extreme of fashion, but it is beautiful and it suits its wearer perfectly, which is the true art of dress. I was privileged to see the designs and materials for some of the gowns which her Majesty took with her. They were beautiful, and some of them magnificent, as was suitable for a Queen of a great Empire visiting a Queen of a great country. One gown specially imposing for evening wear was of rich soft brocade, the ground pearl-grey. The design, bold and effective, was carried out in sapphire-blue and silver. A superb embroidery in sapphire-blue and white crystals covered almost the front of the dress, two long ends of embroidery falling from the bodice to the hem. There was a red-and-gold silk and tissue dinner gown embroidered in pale gold and iridescent and mother-of-pearl paillettes of the new kind, light and brilliant as soap-bubbles. Also lovely was a gown of pale eau-de-Nil soft satin embroidered in eau-de-Nil and emerald crystals. There was a white-and-gold evening dress, also beautifully embroidered; and among the day dresses was a perfect gem in pale orchid-mauve embroidered in silk and silver and gold, the silk in delicate tones of pink, blue, and mauve. Not one of her Majesty's dresses was sleeveless, and every one was dignified and graceful.

There are no royal ladies who have such wonderful jewels to wear as our Queen, and none who can wear them so beautifully. The tiara usually worn on State occasions is of finest diamonds, and crown-shaped. There is a wide band of scroll and flower design from which rise alternate Maltese crosses and *fleurs-de-lys*. There is a cluster in front of the crown which can be replaced on occasion by the Koh-i-noor. The Queen has also the great and lesser Stars of Africa—very large and perfect diamonds. Many other parures are possessed by the Queen, none more remarkable than one of emeralds and diamonds which was once in the Cambridge family, and which includes some of the finest emeralds in the world. The Queen's pearls are also very wonderful. Queen Margherita of Italy, who was known as the Pearl of Savoy, has a necklet of marvellous pearls, portions of which were birthday presents from her husband, the late King Umberto, during their long married life. The late King spared no pains to provide gems for this necklet, which make it one of the most remarkable of its kind in the world.

There was a letter in one of our morning papers over which have been many chuckles. An Irish cook sent it to her mistress, and in it she says: "The National Army came and took possession of the house. The Irregular Army attacked them. The battle lasted until five o'clock. The Irregulars were defeated. Afterwards I showed the armies round the garden. They specially admired your Ladyship's antirrhinums. I regret to say they went down to the village and got drunk, and two of the Irregulars came back and got drowned in the lake. The funeral is on Thursday, and, as I am sure it would be your

Ladyship's wish, I am sending a wreath of antirrhinums." Was ever a more Gilbertian attack, battle, and tragedy? I rewrite it in case any readers may have missed it. In its small way it is a real example of the state of affairs in some parts of Ireland. There is no date to the letter, which was probably written last autumn. It was first published in *St. Peter's (Coventry) Magazine* by the Rev. Paul Stacy, who had it from a friend.

I have a correspondent in America whose name is unknown to me, as mine to her—she writes to "A. E. L." Some time ago I gave an extract from a letter of hers about the Italian royal family, about which she has been right. Her latest letter deals with a probable revival of an Empire in France. She says there is great enthusiasm among our neighbours over the young son of Prince and Princess Victor Napoleon. Prince Victor is head of the Bonaparte family, and Princess Clementine, his wife, the youngest daughter of the late King Leopold of Belgium, is a descendant on the spindle side of the last Bourbon King, Louis Philippe. My interesting and kind correspondent gives many political details which favour the theory of this youthful Prince being the Emperor Napoleon V.; the late Prince Imperial was acknowledged by Bonapartists as Napoleon IV. The embryo (?) Emperor is now nine years old, and a fine lad. His mother is a clever woman, and very wealthy; her father's fortune, divided between his three daughters, was an immense one, and the late Empress Eugénie left a large part of her wealth in trust for this young Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Be my friend in America right or wrong, the question is one of great interest, and France at the moment is undoubtedly a restless nation.

All sorts of ways are being resorted to to get money for good objects. People are so indisposed to part from what they have, fearing the next onslaught of the tax imposers—who are slaying the geese that lay the golden eggs by flocks—that subtle means have to be resorted to to obtain enough for maintaining the good works set going long ago and more than ever

needed now. Miss Dorothy Yorke is much interested in the Roehampton Club for working girls, built by Viscountess Harcourt in Lambeth over twenty years ago on a site also given by sympathisers, and ever since a boon and a blessing to its members. So an American tennis tournament was given last week on eight hard courts lent by people in town who possess these luxuries. There were heaps of entrants, and the affair, well organised and well carried through, proved a great success. Each entrant paid a guinea, and there were donations as well, so one hopes that Miss Yorke did well for the club. She is, with the newly appointed Miss Kenyon-Slaney, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Mary. A large number of men and women of light and leading played in the tournament, and all seem to have thoroughly enjoyed it. The three crazes of the day—dancing, tennis, and bridge—are well pressed into the cause of charity.

An excellent chairman was Lady Violet Astor at the meeting in her big, handsome, rose-brocade, cream-colour and gold drawing-room, which she lent for a gathering in support of the Great Ormonde Street Children's Hospital. She spoke shortly, lucidly, and in most sympathetic way, pleading for the children; and then she looked awfully nice in fawn-coloured crêpe romaine and a dainty sea-blue sash, the light hat being of lace and gauze in similar tone. There is a great deal in looking nice, I may say, especially when there is a room full of women. That splendid hospital is spending on actual necessities £15,000 a year more than its income. For seventy-two years it has done splendid work, and the Ministry of Health pronounces it the best and most economically managed institution of its kind in the kingdom. There was a fine musical programme contributed to by Miss Beatrice Harrison, Captain John Coates, and Miss Gladys London. Mr. John Murray, a veteran friend and President of the Hospital, spoke, and it was delightful to see cheques and crisp notes find their way into plates for the sick and helpless little ones. The Earl of Wemyss made a really manly and fine appeal, too.

A. E. L.



A quartette of lovely Parisian frocks of satin, georgette and lace. They are in the salons of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, and present a study in white, champagne, honey-colour, and café-au-lait shades. (See page 870.)

BUCHANAN'S



“BLACK & WHITE”

is of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

The policy of JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., and their Associated Companies has always been to bond considerably in excess of their yearly sale requirements, with the result that they are in the exceptional position of possessing the Largest Stocks of Matured Scotch Malt Whiskies; this enables them to guarantee a continuance of the very highest standard of quality of their Brands.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, HARTMAN (GOTHENBURG), L.N.A., AND JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY.



RUNNER-UP IN THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. ALAN MACBETH DRIVING.



SEMI-FINALISTS: (L. TO R.) MISS CHAMBERS (WINNER), MISS BROWN, MISS WETHERED, AND MRS. MACBETH (RUNNER UP).



THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS DORIS CHAMBERS (WIRRAL) WITH THE CUP.



DESPATCHED TO PROTECT BRITISH TRAWLERS OFF THE MURMANSK COAST FROM SOVIET INTERFERENCE: THE SLOOP "HAREBELL."



THE TERCENTENARY OF GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN'S CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY, WHICH HAS A STRONG SCOTTISH ELEMENT: A FOUNTAIN AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE EXHIBITION.



AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH 6 MEN WERE KILLED AND 30 PEOPLE INJURED: WRECKAGE OF THE TRAM WHICH RAN AWAY DOWNHILL AT CHURWELL, NEAR LEEDS.

The new Lady Golf Champion, Miss Doris Chambers (Wirral), won her title by a most exciting match with Mrs. Alan Macbeth, whom she beat at the thirty-sixth green by one hole in the final at Burnham-on-Sea on May 11. In the semi-finals Miss Chambers had beaten Miss Beryl Brown by 3 and 2, and Mrs. Macbeth had beaten Miss Joyce Wethered, the holder, by 2 and 1.—The sloop of war "Harebell" (1290 tons) has been sent to the fishing grounds off the Murmansk coast of Russia to protect British trawlers. The Soviet Government claims a 12-mile limit (while Britain only recognises a 3-mile limit) for territorial waters,



A BRITISH FORM OF COMMEMORATION COPIED BY AN EX-ENEMY COUNTRY: THE TOMB OF THE AUSTRIAN UNKNOWN WARRIOR AT INNSBRUCK—A VOLLEY BY TROOPS.

and a Soviet gunboat has seized four Hull trawlers. The owners consider that a stronger protective force is needed.—Gothenburg, where King Gustav opened the Tercentenary Exhibition on May 8, is politically the second city of Sweden (after Stockholm), and the first in commercial importance. It was founded by Gustavus Adolphus, and received its charter in 1623. Many of its leading citizens are of Scottish ancestry.—At Churwell, near Leeds, on May 12, a tram full of work-people got out of control and dashed down a hill into a wall and was overturned. Six men were killed, and thirty people injured.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series*The New Inn, Gloucester*

A Stroke of Mediæval Politics.

NEVER was judicious policy or generous loyalty more amply justified than following the enshrinement of the murdered Edward II by Abbot Thokey of Gloucester in 1327. The neighbouring monasteries of Bristol, Kingswood and Malmesbury had refused to receive his body, fearing the reprisals of the villainous Mortimer and his paramour, the Queen.

Edward was accounted a martyred saint and his tomb became a place of pilgrimage, greatly to the advantage of the then depleted monastic revenues. So great was the increasing number of pilgrims that in 1455 the monk John Twyning built the "Newe Inne" for their accommodation, this being the New Inn substantially as it is to-day.

A feature of mediæval life was the entertainment provided by strolling troupes of mummers, remarkable for their acrobatic feats and clever jugglery. The appearance of such a troupe in the yard of the New Inn may be judged by the illustration. It is interesting to note that these mountebanks were the precursors to the Morris Dancers.

Fashions in entertainment, in eating, and drinking, change with the times—some more, some less—the best persisting. The tradition of good fare has always been maintained at the New Inn. An example is the *original* John Haig, first introduced in 1627 and remaining the favoured choice until the present day among men who appreciate the best old whisky.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
since 1627

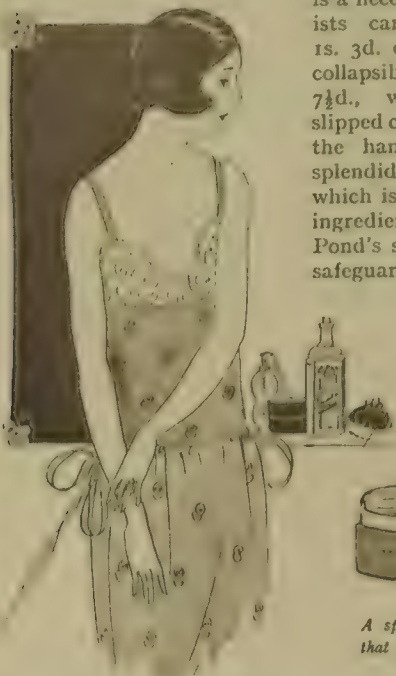
*By Appointment*

Fashions and Fancies.

The Finishing Touch.

It is the finishing touches that count—the little details such as well-kept hands, perfume that harmonises with the personality of the user, and a complexion so clear and free from blemish that it tells of wise and scientific care. Beetham's La-Rola, the fragrant toilet milk which may be obtained from any chemist at 1s. 6d. a bottle, is ideal for preserving the smoothness and softness of the hands. Neither sticky nor greasy, it can be applied at any time, and will keep the skin white and in perfect condition under the most trying circumstances. To the sports-woman, who is constantly exposed to sun and wind,

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a necessity. All chemists can supply it in 1s. 3d. containers, or in collapsible tubes, price 7½d., which can be slipped conveniently into the hand-bag. This splendid preparation, which is as pure in its ingredients as are all Pond's specialities, is a safeguard against roughness and redness, and acts like magic on chafed skin, be-



Soft white hands can be acquired by the constant use of Beetham's La-Rola.

Scents That Please.

Every woman, however fastidious, will find a perfume that appeals to her specially in the series prepared by

L. T. Piver, the well-known perfumers from Paris. Moreover, when she has chosen her scent she can obtain face-powder to match—an important point, since it



Perfumes for which L. T. Piver are responsible are always the last word in delicacy and charm.

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sides being an excellent foundation for powder.



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Frocks for Ascot.

Only a short time separates us from Ascot Week, and it is certainly not too early to consider the vital question of frocks for one of the most important functions in the fashionable year. Woolland's, Knightsbridge, can always be relied on for inspiration, and they are responsible for the four beautiful toilettes sketched on page 866. All shades of beige, honey, fawn, and champagne are highly favoured this season, and it is the last-named colour that is chosen for the charming georgette and lace frock on the extreme left. Lace is destined to play an important rôle in frocks designed for the racecourse, and honey-coloured lace is allied with georgette of the same shade to make the attractive

The wise sportswoman knows that Pond's Vanishing Cream is the ideal safeguard for her complexion.

gown with the cable belt and tarnished gold Egyptian buckles on either hip. Long lines that are particularly kind to heavily built women characterise the *café-au-lait* georgette gown next in order. It is heavily embroidered with a deeper tone of silk, and the lace sleeves are slit to the elbow. White lace, with panels of heavy white crêpe marocain, makes the lovely cape on the right, which is decorated with delicate crêpe marocain roses. It is worn over a simple gown of white, hand-embroidered crêpe marocain.

E. A. R.

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THE GLAMOUR OF GLAMIS.

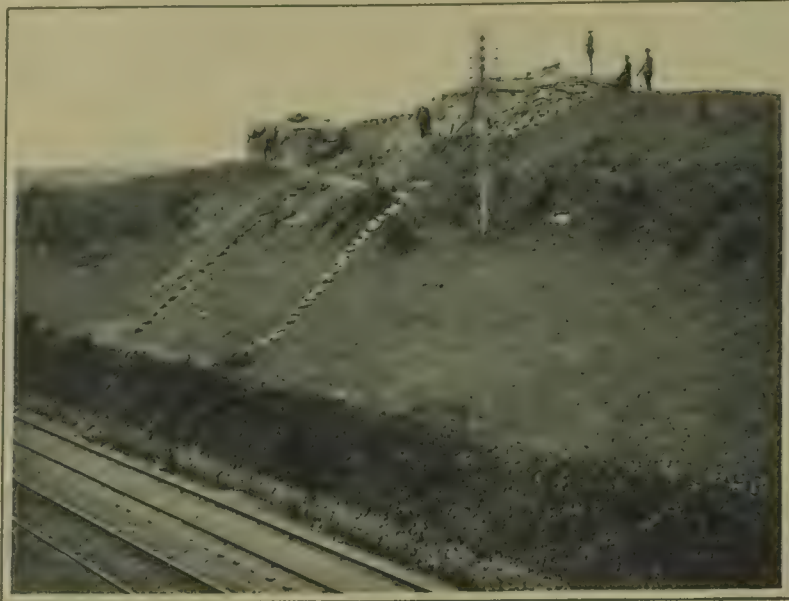
"THE huge old tower of Glamis, whose birth tradition notes not," says Scott, "once showed its lordly head above seven circles (if I remember aright) of defensive boundaries through which the friendly guest was admitted, and at each of which a suspicious person was unquestionably put to his answer." Thirty years after Sir Walter had seen and admired these feudal outworks, he was to lament their removal. He considered the "ancient dome and towers like these beggar'd and out-raged" by the change. His regret was mainly that of a mediævalist romancer, who could not bear to see any ancient fortalice stripped of those outer defences which helped him to conjure up in fancy battle-scenes such as the Siege of Torquilstone.

But Glamis was still sufficiently romantic, and so it remains to-day with its great range of buildings, from which rises the massive central tower crowned with clustering turrets that give it the appearance of a French château. Architects, it is true, differ sharply as to the precise amount of French influence to be discovered there, and some authorities hold that the Scottish baronial style is not French at all, but a native development. That question may be left to wrangling experts. To the visitor of any imagination who approaches Glamis, it is as romantic in its suggestion as Blois, Chenonceaux, or Azay le Rideau. It speaks of majesty, mystery, and an antiquity which the actual buildings cannot claim.

By inheritance, the keep is certainly immemorial, and a castle must have stood there in the legendary period of Scottish history. Malcolm II., it is said, was assassinated (if assassinated he was) in the immediate neighbourhood. Near the manse of Glamis Malcolm's Stone still marks the reputed scene of the murder. To the connection of Glamis with Macbeth and Duncan, much allusion has of late been made. If strict history doubts the association, Shakespeare's "Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis," is at least a poetical title-deed. Elsewhere it has been told how Glamis came into possession of the Lyons, from whose hands the fabric received its existing form.

Not much of the present building can be earlier than the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Patrick Lyon, first Earl of Kinghorne (1578-1615), began the

great structural alterations and carried out part of his scheme; but it was his grandson, Patrick, third Earl of Kinghorne and first Earl of Strathmore, who completed the reconstruction of the castle and made many enlargements. This first Earl of Strathmore has left a most interesting and valuable personal document, "The Book of Record," a vellum-bound MS. volume in which he recorded his expenses, his works and days, together with his reflections on life and many quaint side-lights on family history. He succeeded in infancy to a heavily-encumbered and



A SIGN OF THE TIMES IN IRELAND: ONE OF THE FIRST SANDBAG BLOCKHOUSES, BESIDE THE RAILWAY NEAR ATHLONE ON THE ROUTE TO GALWAY.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

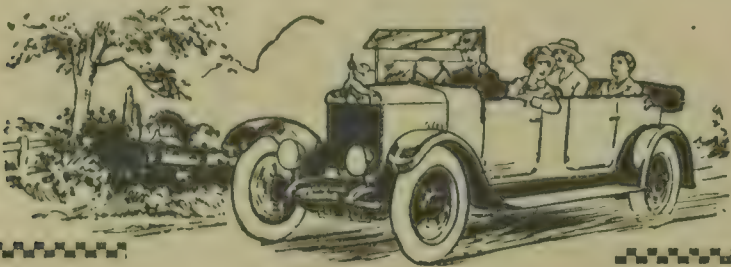
despoiled estate. At seventeen he left St. Andrews University, and came home, determined to rebuild his fortunes. Finding Glamis uninhabitable, he took up his quarters in the hardly less desolate Castle Lyon (now Castle Huntly) in the Carse of Gowrie. He borrowed a bed from the minister, and from Glamis he managed to scrape together "some old potts and pans q^{ch} were verie usefull, so within a few dayes I gott two rowmes more dressed up; as a begers cloak consists of many cluts of divers colors, so my furniture was verie disagreeable, but being alone I was impatient and thought long [Anglick—felt bored] and so sent

for my sister." This is most interesting to us to-day, for the sister in question was the Lady Elizabeth Lyon of 1660. The struggle of these two young things to pull their ruined house together reads like a fairy-tale. "Her companie," says the Earl, "was of great comfort to me, so young as we were both we consulted together and partlie by our owne conclusions and partlie by advice in two years time I got together as much of cours furniture as in a verie mean and sober way filled all the rowms of my house." His college furniture, which was brought by boat from St. Andrews to Dundee, came in very useful, and we catch a glimpse of Lady Elizabeth using her needle on "some English cloath for a bed and linen and frings to it which my sister made up."

In two years, this young man of grit and enterprise had so far re-established himself as to be able to marry. The idea of restoring Glamis was constantly in his mind, but it was a good ten years before he could undertake it. These years were passed at Castle Lyon. "We were," he says, "as much strangers to Old Glammiss as if it had not been." But in 1670 the family spent the winter at Glamis, and "lodged ourselves all in that storry of the old house q^{ch} is on the top of the great staircaice, for that storry was only glazed at that time." The Earl has left a minute account of his alterations and additions, and his description still holds good for the most part, despite the rather extensive changes made during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The castle stands close to the old township of Glamis, and is entered from the road by a triple arched gateway, bearing carved heraldic lions. An avenue leads for three-quarters of a mile up to the main entrance of the castle. The visitor approaching from this side sees a quarter-circle tower seven storeys high, flanked by two wings at right-angles to each other. At the base of the tower is the principal door flanked by fluted pilasters with rich floral capitals. Over the door are the Royal Arms of Scotland, and a bust of Patrick, first Earl of Kinghorne, and on the upper walls of the wings appear the arms of the Earls since 1606. The door knocker bears the date 1689, the year in which the first Earl of Strathmore completed his reconstructions. Within the doorway are three staircases. That on the left leads to the upper great hall; that on the right descends to the crypt.

[Continued overleaf.]



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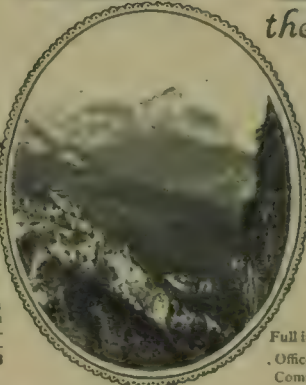
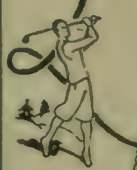
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(Continued.)

or lower hall, and then ascends to "King Malcolm's Room," in the very ancient portion of the building; the third and latest leads to all the flats in the tower.



AFTER VISITING THE COPTIC PATRIARCH: PRINCESS MENEM OF ABYSSINIA IN A PROCESSION, FOLLOWED BY MEMBERS OF THE EGYPTIAN CABINET.

Princess Menem, wife of the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, recently paid a ceremonial visit in State to King Fuad, to whom she made a gift of a lioness. She also visited the Coptic Patriarch, accompanied by members of the Egyptian Cabinet and Government officials.

The great hall, now the drawing-room, one of the chief show places of the castle, is famous for its magnificent parterred roof and its superb fireplace. A disputed tradition attributes staircase and hall to Inigo Jones. That architect, who died in 1652, could hardly have worked for the first Lord Strathmore, but there is no reason why he should not have been employed by that Earl's grandfather, who began the main alterations. Although documentary proof is wanting, the family tradition is circumstantial. Adjoining the great hall is the chapel, finely panelled and decorated with paintings by the Dutchman, Jacob de Wet, whose gallery of the Kings at Holyrood has given him a serio-comic reputation. The Book of Record contains an amusing account of the first Earl of Strathmore's intrusions with de Wet. The artist did not act fairly by the Earl, who certainly treated him with great generosity. With dry humour Lord Strathmore "wishes w^t all his heart that Mr. d'Vit had made as good and profitable

acct. of his tyme ever since as he did for the short tyme he was w^t the Earle of Strathmore." The paintings were made from engravings in a Bible still preserved at Glamis—"conforme to the Cutts in a Bible here in the house or the Service Book." The chapel formerly contained an ancient organ, now vanished, but known in complete specification from an estimate for repairs. Mr. A. H. Millar, editor of "The Book of Record" for the Scottish History Society, makes the most interesting suggestion that this very instrument may have been the organ of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, which in 1643 was lying derelict and dishonoured. Its sale was proposed by the Kirk Session, and it is not too wild a supposition that Lord Strathmore purchased it and had it renovated for Glamis.

The Crypt, the oldest part of the castle, is a vaulted chamber with walls fifteen feet thick. Formerly the Retainers' Hall, this apartment served as a dining-room for wounded soldiers when the castle was used as a hospital during the Great War.

Visitors to Glamis are shown the famous Lion Cup, a massive silver-gilt beaker holding a pint of wine, in which guests were invited to pledge the Earl's health at a draught. With some trepidation as to the result, Sir Walter Scott performed the feat, and the effect

was only to give happy stimulus to his imagination. Other objects of great interest, at a place where everything is interesting, are the famous ornamental iron balustrade of the roof platform, and the sundial in the grounds. This sundial, erected by the first Earl of Strathmore as part of his scheme of improvements, is one of the finest and most curious in Scotland. "There is," he notes, "in the garden a fine dial erected," and it remains unimpaired, presenting more than eighty faces to the sun.

Of the fantastic legends of Glamis much has been written. Attempted explanations of the Mystery make good reading, but they must be taken *cum grano*. Yet the place affords the finest possible setting for eerie stories, and it is not hard to persuade oneself that if anywhere there is a secret chamber, where a Wicked Earl still continues his impious Sunday game of cards with the Evil One, Glamis must be the place. It is a circumstantial enough story: did not the butler,

venturing to peep through the keyhole, have his sight destroyed by a spirit of flame? And there are ghosts, a goodly company. A guest once heard the sound as of a scaffold being erected, and, mentioning the matter in the morning, was bidden by a troubled host never to allude again to the subject. No one knows the reason for this silence. That is a second-hand story, from a doubtful book; but here is something not second-hand. Within recent years, one of the family saw in the chapel an apparition of a little woman in brown, and on another comparatively recent occasion, when a son and daughter of the house were in the avenue, one asked the other what person that



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE KING OF EGYPT: PRINCESS MENEM OF ABYSSINIA UNDER HER STATE UMBRELLA.

Photographs by G.P.A.

was walking always a little in advance of them. But the figure was not visible to both. Whatever stories of apparitions may be mythical, these at least are true. There are more things at Glamis than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

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RADIO NOTES

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OPERA FOR EVERYBODY.

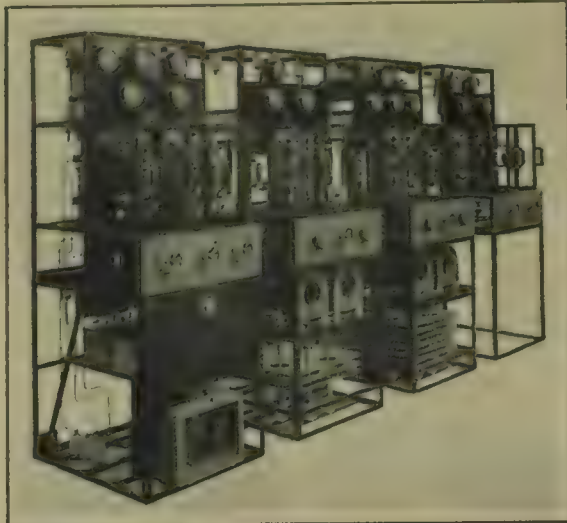
Arrangements have been made for performances by the British National Opera Company at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, during the current week to be broadcast by radio-telephony, enabling thousands of people to hear fine singing and instrumental music by many of the foremost artists of the day. The public appreciates greatly the British National Opera Company's helpful attitude and realisation of the importance of broadcasting. Apart from the aspect of broadcasting as an educational medium, there must enter also into the subject the great possibility of thousands of the public all over the country, who never before have experienced the delights of opera, desiring to see performances which have aroused their interest through listening-in. Until we can see by means of radio waves, in addition to hearing, our senses will not be satisfied fully by hearing broadcasts of plays and other entertainments in public places. What does happen at present—and there is much proof of the fact—is that an urgent wish is created to see a performance which has been

heard by broadcast. This is evidenced by the receipt of over three thousand letters from listeners-in in all districts stating that, as a result of hearing several plays, they have been to see for themselves the performances thus introduced by radio-telephony.

One thing is certain: broadcasting will not stop by reason of any ban preventing the transmission of certain entertainments. Contracts have been made by the B.B.C. with performers as far ahead as December next, and when the eight stations are completed, nearly three hundred artists of the best class will be engaged every week in broadcasting.



SIR WILLIAM JOYNTON-HICKS.



OF INTEREST TO LISTENERS-IN: RADIO PERSONALITIES, AND A TRANSMITTING APPARATUS.

Many thousands of applicants for experimental licenses are awaiting the results of the Committee appointed by the Postmaster-General, Sir William Joynton-Hicks, to consider broadcasting. In addition to its Musical Director, Mr. L. Stanton Jefferies, the B.B.C. has appointed Mr. Percy Pitt as Controller of Music. The Marconi apparatus illustrated above is a medium between performers and their listeners, by which broadcasts are radiated in all directions.

OPEN-AIR RADIO.

During the summer months, owners of portable valve receiving-sets will be able to listen-in at any rendezvous they may care to reach by motor-car or side-car. Broadcasting should be very popular, also, at favourite up-river resorts, both for houseboat parties and for the occupants of smaller craft idling along the river or moored to the bank.

Unlike other forms of music-reproduction when used by a number of people in close proximity, radio music transmitted from the nearest broadcasting station issues simultaneously from one or a hundred loud speakers, and at similar tempo and pitch, enabling the various parties with receiving-sets who may be gathered together on any part of the river to hear clearly the broadcasting items without interference or jangling of different tunes.



MR. PERCY PITT.

Listening on a summer's night to the same song or orchestral selection coming from dozens of loud-speaking trumpets will be one of the novelties of the up-river season this year.

With a four-valve receiving-set, which includes radio-frequency amplification, only a small aerial is necessary for river use. In the case of a houseboat, the far end of a single aerial wire might be supported from the branch of a tree on the river bank. Smaller boats, including punts, might use a "frame" aerial, or a light mast as support for the wires of a temporary aerial. Connection to "earth" is made by letting the earth wire hang overboard, with about two or three feet of the wire immersed.

RADIO DANCES.

Every Saturday evening, "2LO," the London broadcasting station, transmits dance music for about two hours. Doubtless the service will form the basis of numerous impromptu dances in private homes, at country picnics, and on many houseboats. This feature will be transmitted again to-night, the 19th instant, and additional performances will be continued throughout the summer months.

CARE OF DRY BATTERIES.

After a valve set has been in use for some months, it frequently happens that crackling noises are heard in the telephones, or from the loud speaker. During hot weather, intermittent crackles at irregular intervals may be caused by atmospheric discharges, perhaps thousands of miles away. But if the noise is continuous, the cause may arise from a partly worn-out or defective dry-battery—that which supplies the high-tension current to the receiving-set. These batteries are inexpensive, and a fresh one should effect a cure.

W. H. S.

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Harrods remarkable range of sizes offers a perfect fit for most men from 5 ft. 4 ins. to 6 ft. 4 ins. in height. The following are typical of Harrods splendid value.

COTTON TAFFETA PYJAMAS, superfine quality. A finely constructed fabric of Egyptian yarns; ideal for Spring, Summer and Tropical wear. Fancy mercerised striped designs on White ground. Fast colourings. With roll collar (as illustration) 21/-

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SILK PYJAMAS. Special quality, fine English manufacture. An excellent fabric of superior make and finish. In plain shades of Sky, Mauve, Pink, or in plain and fancy stripes of same colourings on White ground; fast washing quality. 35/6

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- for reinvigorating and refreshing stale stuffy air of rooms.
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- A refreshing bath for the feet in warm water.

Acquire the "Sanitas" Safety-first Health Habit!

Buy a bottle at any shop and never be without it.



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ZIG-ZAG
TYRES

HENLEY'S GET YOU THERE—AND BACK

Henley's Tyre & Rubber Co. Ltd.
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each night,
Ye'll keep your appetite jist richt;
Sae act at ance on this suggestion,
And bid quid-bye tae indigestion.

BEAUTIFUL LINEN OF SOFT SILKY TEXTURE

CAN always be obtained at Manufacturers' prices from Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast. Orders received by post are attended to promptly, and with the greatest care, which accounts for our continual growth during the last 50 years. May we serve and satisfy you?

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY," AT DRURY LANE.

MELODRAMA, no doubt, is the term one must apply to "Ned Kean of Old Drury," but it is bustling, stirring melodrama. It may not be too true to fact in some of its details, and a Kean who is for ever mouthing Shakespeare off as well as on the stage takes some crediting; but it makes a picturesque figure of its hero; it summarises well enough from the popular point of view the main features of his career, and it really expresses something of the spirit of the man who, with genius in him and the consciousness of it, put up a long fight with poverty and neglect, tramped with his family as barn-stormer from village to village to keep the wolf at bay, and finally and unexpectedly, thanks in no small degree to Hazlitt, won fame in a night at Drury Lane. To have contrived to get this much over the footlights is a feather in the cap of the playwright concerned, Mr. Arthur Shirley, and certainly to him congratulations are due; he is a craftsman who never bungles his job. Hardly as much praise can be extended to the actor who figures in the title-role; though, if the reception Mr. H. A. Saintsbury got on the play's first night from the popular parts of the house could be trusted, he, too, might be supposed to have achieved a triumph. If triumph it was, then it was one of sheer artificiality and staginess. He brought out what was grotesque and violent in the man, but never suggested the power or magnetism. He gave us fluency, but not musical elocution. He was unsparing of effort and gesture, reached, in a broad way, both pathos and humour, but we missed the tragic note; there were no flashes of lightning in this Kean. How the reading lacked naturalness was shown by the brief appearance of Miss Haidee Wright as Mrs. Garrick: here was art that was true to life and made an instant appeal to the emotions. The setting of the play, it should be added, is admirable, notably good being its countryside picture.

"HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The idea behind Mr. E. A. Paulton's farce, "Her Temporary Husband," will not recommend itself to a fastidious taste. An heiress under her father's will—what would our farce-writers do without wills these days?—is to lose a fortune if she weds the man of her choice; but there is no provision against his becoming her second husband, so why should she not, it is suggested, find some moribund person to marry

at a sanatorium, and then wait for Nature to make the way clear for her to gratify her own inclinations. The procedure, to be sure, is not carried out—a young



"THE GREATEST UNPAID SERVANT OF THE STATE": SIR JAMES STEVENSON, BT., G.C.M.G., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Sir James Stevenson has been described as the greatest unpaid servant of the State. Among other things, he has served as a member of the Munitions Council, the Army Council, and the Air Council, and is personal Commercial Adviser to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Recently he accepted the Vice-Chairmanship of the British Empire Exhibition, and is acting as Chairman of the Administrative Board of that great Imperial project. These, and a number of other public appointments, he has filled in an honorary capacity. He was born at Kilmarnock in 1873.

Photograph by Grove, Son, and Boulton.

man shamming senility for the occasion and substituting himself for the "No. 56" selected for matrimony; and his prank, and the real attachment which springs from it, help to take away the nasty taste from the palate left by the play's opening scenes, and its ugly jokes about graves and death. From that point on, there is only one fault to be found with the piece as an entertainment: sentiment is allowed to interfere too much with fun, especially in the concluding act. Mr. George Tully carries through the young hero's masquerade amusingly; Miss Edna Best is as vivacious as ever, until she is called upon to be sentimentally serious; and there is good work done by Miss Ena Grossmith and Mr. Breon in frivolous parts; by Mr. Elton as an invalid attendant, and by Mr. A. E. Matthews in a rôle that is out of his customary genial line.

THE ROMANCE OF FURS.

WHEN a woman puts on her furs she little thinks, perhaps, of the peril and hardship, the labour and the skill, that have gone to their production. It would be well, indeed, if all of us knew a little more of the life-history of manufactured goods in daily use, and such information is accessible in handy form in Pitman's Common Commodities and Industries Series. One of the most interesting of the numerous volumes in it is "Furs and the Fur Trade" (Pitman; 3s. net), by Captain John C. Sachs (late Northamptonshire Regiment), author of "Silver Fox Farming" and other works. His new book is extremely well written, in an easy, agreeable style, with a touch of humour and no little scholarly research. Within a small compass he has compressed a large amount of information, which is so conveyed as to read, in parts, like a historical romance, and in parts like a tale of adventure; but at the same time it is all solid fact. Some idea of its contents may be gathered from the headings of its seven chapters—"Furs Throughout the Ages," "The Romance of the Fur Trade," "Fur-Bearing Animals," "Fur Farming," "Markets and Marketing," "Manufacture and Fashion," "Hints and General Information." There is a number of illustrations and a useful index. Anyone who possesses or has the care of furs, or who thinks of buying any, would be well advised to study this little book carefully, for it might prevent unfortunate mistakes. Besides this special class of readers, it will appeal to all who like to know where things come from and how they are made, and can feel the romance of reality that underlies the commonplaces of life.

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1/6 for 20: 3/8 for 50: 7/4 for 100.

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"And yet—but how I do love a big car! It can do such wonders; it is so very comfortable and consoling; it is so very easy to drive, and it lacks for nothing. It is not because of the fact that you do go faster in them on ordinary runs; it is only the feeling that you can if you want to. That's all, but it's worth a wonderful lot of money—and you do feel so superior."—Owen John, in "Motor Owner," March 1923.

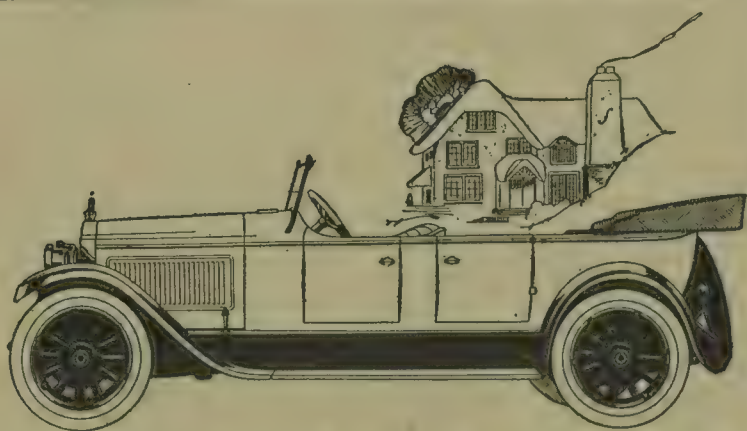
The 40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder Napier is the best of the big super cars. Of modern design, in which weight reduction plays an important part, distinctive appearance and with an exceptional road performance, it possesses to a high degree all the advantages referred to by Mr. Owen John.

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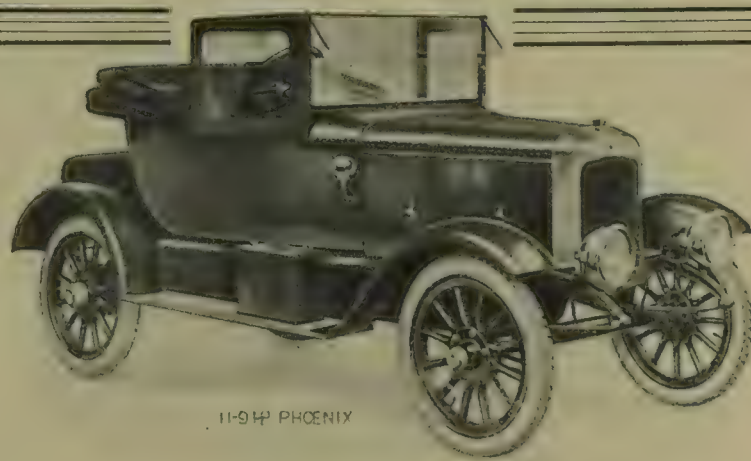
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'11.9' seating three abreast

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PRICE
COMPLETE
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Immediate Delivery.

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Works LETCHWORTH, HERTS.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Cost of Insurance.

Almost every cost in connection with motoring has fallen considerably during the past year. Car prices, especially in the smaller classes, now closely approximate to those ruling in the halcyon days of the pre-war period. Petrol costs a great deal less than it did. Tyre prices are even lower than before the war; and so on, all round. In one important direction, however, there is not the smallest indication of any intention to lower costs. I refer to insurance premiums, which were greatly increased in 1919 and 1920, when repair charges were based on an apparent idea that everybody was bursting with money, and desired to get rid of it at the maximum rate possible. All these charges are very much less now, but still the insurance companies keep their premiums at the boom-time level. If they are asked whether it is not possible to reduce them, they will tell you that they cannot take off a penny and continue to live. I do not believe them, more especially after studying some of the balance sheets issued by companies which make a specialty of motor-car insurance. One case in point will be sufficient to disprove the contention that the companies do not make a good thing out of this class of risk. The company to which I refer shows that during the financial year recently closed its motor insurance department made a net profit of £40,000, while the company was in the happy position of being able to pay a dividend of no less than 50 per cent. to its fortunate shareholders! That does not look as though motor insurance were a very losing proposition. What the motorist wants to know is why he should be compelled

to pay 1920 premiums in 1923, and why some of the inordinate profits accruing should not go to the relief of his pocket instead of into those

of the shareholders. The whole thing is absolutely immoral and cannot be defended on any grounds.

Roadside Assistance.

From time to time one sees in the correspondence pages of the motoring journals complaints from non-members of the R.A.C. or the A.A. that they have been refused, or at least not offered, assistance by the road patrols of these organisations when the individual concerned found himself in trouble. It is difficult to gauge the mentality of people who write to the papers to complain that they have been denied service for which they are not willing to pay. I have in mind a letter from such a disgruntled motorist which naively commences by saying that he never joined either association, because he did not think he was likely to need any service from them. One fine day, however, he had some slight trouble entailing the changing of a sparking-plug. Apparently, a road patrol was standing by, and, because he did not offer to assist in this very simple operation, the motorist concerned writes to the papers about it, and says that if the patrol had helped him he would have joined the association. As he did not so assist, he, the motorist, will have nothing to do with it!

Personally, I have been a member of both associations for a considerable number of years. I have never yet—I am touching wood—had occasion to invoke assistance by the roadside; but I am not asking for a return of the money I have paid for the help I have not had. I am quite content to regard my membership as a species of insurance against the time of need, and I realise that we are individually bound to contribute to the general fund, which provides assistance to those who really do

(Continued overleaf.)



WITH THEIR SIX-CYLINDER MINERVA CAR: THE "BLACK DIAMONDS," A WELL-KNOWN INDIAN AMATEUR CONCERT PARTY.

The "Black Diamonds" give many successful entertainments in aid of charity in India.



AFTER ITS RECORD 20,000-MILE R.A.C.-OBSERVED TRIAL AND FINAL SPEED TEST AT BROOKLANDS: THE 19.6-H.P. CROSSLEY.

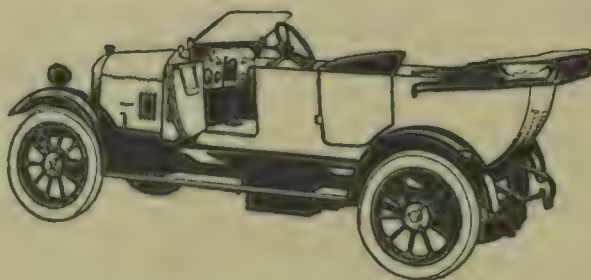
As mentioned, in our issue of May 12, this 19.6-h.p. Crossley recently completed the longest distance trial ever held under R.A.C. observation—20,000 miles, and finished up by doing nearly 60 m.p.h. (59.12, to be precise) in a speed test at Brooklands, where the above photograph was taken.



"The Car you buy to Keep."

Morris Cars

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The 11'9 MORRIS-COWLEY,
Price - - - - £275

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THIS fascinating car, with its graceful lines and luxurious fittings, is a perfect example of what a first-class, thoroughbred English car should be. It is noiseless and absolutely vibrationless in engine and gear-operation, scientifically sprung, full of elastic power. Its fittings include a speed-indicator, 8-day clock, petrol and oil-gauges, spring gaiters, force-pump, chassis lubrication and 12-volt dynamotor starter-lighting set—in each case of the highest class. There is no car on the market to-day quite like it.

Other prices, from £225 to £415,—for the 11'9 and 13'9 two-seaters, four-seaters and coupés. All Morris-Oxford open cars are fitted with All-Weather bodies, the four-seaters having sliding windows.

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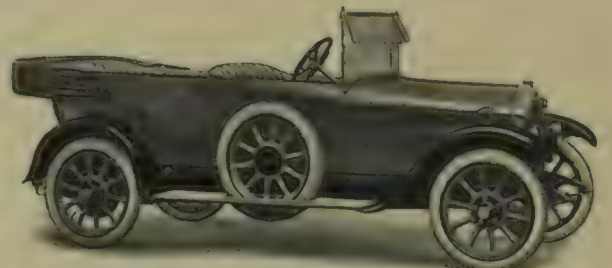
Humber

AS time passes, the sterling qualities built into every Humber model become more and more apparent; the handsome design excites more admiration; the unusual comfort is more appreciated; the low cost of running more clearly demonstrated.

The seating accommodation in the 11'4 h.p. Four-Seater here illustrated is commodious and the upholstery is luxurious and cosy to the highest degree.

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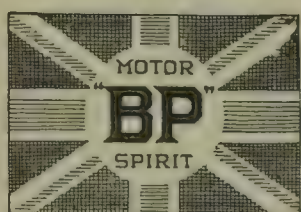
is not a modern scientific wonder; it is the natural result of using the natural fruit in their making. When the juice has been expressed the rinds are utilised in the preparation of candied peel—orange, lemon, citron—of which we supply thousands of pounds annually for sale by grocers.

Give these drinks a trial

Each possesses a distinctive character, appealing to varying tastes; but all are marked by

- the same high quality
- the same rich flavour
- the same perfect purity.

Supplied at the leading Hotels, Restaurants, etc., or for HOME USE order from your Grocer, Stores, Wine Merchant or Chemist.



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ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

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The growing tendency of motorists to avail themselves of kerbside pumps has called for extensive reorganisation on the part of those responsible for the distribution of Motor Spirit.

In accordance with our constant aim—to give the British Motorist the "Best Possible" service—we have laid great stress on the regular and punctual filling up of dealers' tanks.

In every town throughout the country "BP" Tank-Wagons are constantly engaged delivering supplies of the "Best Possible" Motor Spirit into the Storage Tanks of garages displaying the familiar "BP" Sign.

From these tanks the motorist gets exact measure of the "Best Possible" Spirit delivered direct to his tank by the very efficient Bowser Pump.

"BP" is the only entirely British Petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can

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THE CAR of DISTINCTION

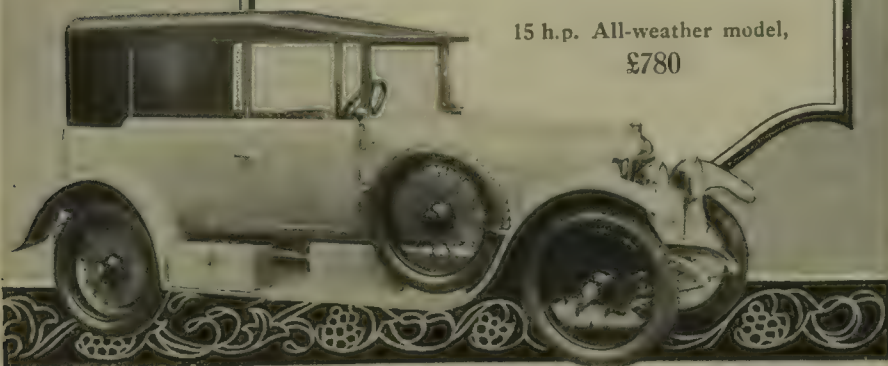
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15 h.p. Four Cylinders	20 h.p. Four Cylinders	20 h.p. Six Cylinders	30 h.p. Six Cylinders
£495	£650	£760	£870

Six-cylinder models are fitted with four-wheel brakes.

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15 h.p. All-weather model,
 £780



ALL WEATHER COMFORT £360

THE Overland four-door Sedan adds to its beauty, comfort, and durability an individual riding comfort all its own. Throughout, both in design and in material, it possesses those constructional merits which have endured the most stringent tests.

It offers a spacious capacity for five passengers and protective comfort in all seasons and on all occasions.

It combines grace of line, stalwart dignity, and luxurious appearance.

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(Continued.) It is certainly a new code of ethics to me that the individual should go on year after year without paying, because he does not think membership is likely to prove useful, and then should be given as a right the help he hoped he would never want. It is fortunate that this sort of selfishness is comparatively rare, or we should have no road service at all.

Sir Julian Orde Retires.

Very few active motorists will have heard with anything but deep regret that Sir Julian Orde has been compelled, through ill-health, to relinquish the secretaryship of the Royal Automobile Club.

When he succeeded to the post, in the first or second year of the century, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, as it was then called, was a very small affair indeed. Those were the days when the Automobile Club's chief business lay in the promotion of races and trials, all designed to the end of showing the public that the motor-car was really a practical proposition. Sir Julian's share in this propaganda work is a matter of intimate history, which is known completely only to those who were engaged with him in pioneering the infant movement; but it was a great part he played in its development. In later years, and particularly after the move was made to the present Club in Pall Mall, the activities of the R.A.C. became more social; and here again Sir Julian's peculiar gifts assisted in large measure to make a huge success of an enterprise which the prophets had foredoomed to dismal failure. It was during the war, however, that he probably did his best work, when the whole of the R.A.C. organisation was engaged in the work of showing hospitality to Overseas officers of the fighting Services. It was for his work in this connection that he received the well-earned honour of knighthood. He can ill be spared from participation in the affairs of the R.A.C., and of motoring, and it is good to know that, although he will not be as actively associated with these as he has been, he will still serve on the Committee of the Club, where his ripe experience will be of enormous assistance.

New Non-Stop Air Express.

Croydon Aerodrome—Britain's civil aviation centre—is awakening to summer activity. Last week the Daimler airways inaugurated their London-Berlin route, and hot on its successful opening journey comes the news that the Instone Air Line commenced

Practical Jokes.

Have you ever had a trick played on your car when you left it unattended for a time? It used to be a great joke (!) to place a scrap of paper between the contact-breaker points on the magneto. Another rather threadbare dodge is to stick a pin through the high-tension wire so that it "shorts" on to a metal part of the engine. This is what happened recently to an 8-h.p. Rover incautiously left unattended in a hotel yard the night before a trial. Next day, the unfortunate owner suffered interminable and mysterious misfiring, and stopped on several test hills before he retired in disgust. Incidentally, the 8-h.p. Rover has been doing well in competitions lately, and has proved itself capable of surmounting the longest and steepest hills.

Hill-Climbing Extraordinary.

Sutton Bank, near Thirsk, is a hill to remember—

with a gradient of 1 in 4. A 12-h.p. Vulcan, shod with Dunlop cord tyres, recently made 53 ascents of this notorious bank—which is 950 feet high—so that the car may almost be said to have outdone the climbers of Everest! The load was four up—until the final ascent, when the car carried eight passengers, including the driver. When it is pointed out that this test, quite unpremeditated and unofficial—was accomplished in a drizzle of rain, and that the road abounded in loose metal and soft gravel, the fact that the car and the tyres (which were Dunlops) gave not a moment's trouble may be taken as affording crowning evidence of the sterling worth of two entirely British productions.

An Austin Success.

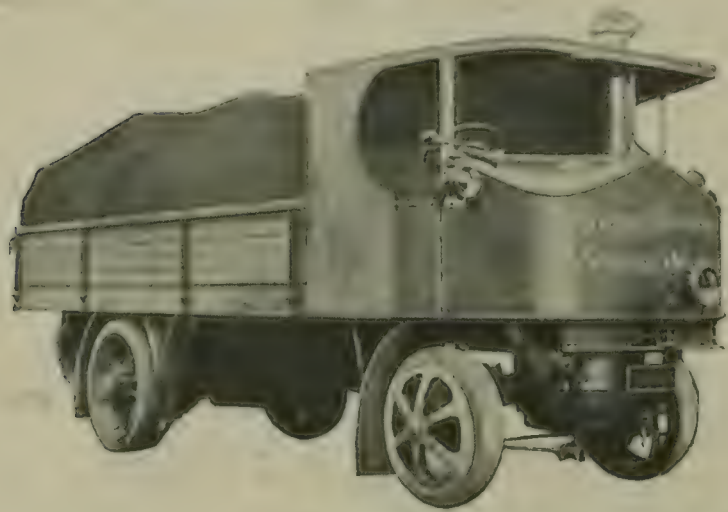
In the "Circuit" of the Milan Automobile Club, run on Sunday, April 29, the Austin "Seven," driven by Captain Arthur Waite, was first, Anzani second, and G. L. (Italian), third. There were eight entries in the class, and the Austin "Seven" (747.5 c.c.) won the race at a speed of 93 kilometres per hour. Its best lap speed was 103 k.p.h. The car is that which won its first race, the Small-Car Handicap, on Brooklands track at Easter.

W. W.



THE SIDE-CURTAIN DIFFICULTY IN AN OPEN CAR OVERCOME: MESSRS. H. J. MULLINER'S DEVICE—CURTAINS THAT OPEN WITH THE DOORS FITTED TO A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

an express service to Cologne on Monday last. On this latter service, in addition to the machines calling at Brussels, a Napier D.H.34 Express will leave Croydon each morning at 10 a.m., arriving at Cologne, without intermediate stop, at 1.30 p.m. The same machine will return from Cologne, after a two-hours stay, arriving at Croydon at 7 p.m., having covered a total distance of 640 miles in seven hours' actual flying time. Passengers to Cologne, by using the express machines, will save an hour each way on the journey. On the London-Berlin and London-Cologne express routes, the only machines used are the Napier D.H.34.



Introducing the "Super-Sentinel" Steam Waggon—

A "Sentinel," hitherto the leading heavy transport vehicle, improved in practically every detail and thoroughly tested by many thousands of miles of heavy road work. It has a better Boiler, a better Engine, a better Frame and Body, better Axles, and better Steering and Brakes. It runs on less water, less fuel, a lesser tyre bill, and will reduce up-keep costs. It is sold, with all its exclusive improvements covered by over 20 patents, at the same price as a "Sentinel."

It can save its entire cost in from one to three years, and as its useful life should be from 15 to 20 years, its purchase as an investment should return a minimum of 500%.

Points which make the "Super-Sentinel" better.

Its great Fuel and Water Capacity The "Super-Sentinel" carries fuel for 200 miles and water for 50. It has a patented Boiler, more powerful than that of the "Sentinel." There is no Stoking Shoot to burn away and the Tubes are self-cleaning. The "Super-Sentinel" burns Coal, Coke and even Wood, with almost equally good results. The fuel consumption is surprisingly low.

Its wonderful Differential. By means of a simple patented device, the Differential on the "Super-Sentinel" is incorporated in the Engine Crankshaft; thus allowing the use of a dead back axle with all its advantages of strength and saving in unsprung weight. The "Super-Sentinel" is, therefore, light on Tyres, and owing to the special brakes incorporated, skidding is practically eliminated. The use of two light Chains of fine pitch and Sprockets with many Teeth, makes the "Super-Sentinel" very silent.

The Differential being away from the road grit, running under ideal lubrication conditions, removes the most vulnerable parts of a Steam Waggon. In 80,000 miles of rough road work it has been found to wear not at all.

Other Special Features of the "Super-Sentinel" Engine are Adjustable Valve Gear, which allows of the initial "Super-Sentinel" efficiency being retained indefinitely; Automatic Lubrication, which floods all bearings with Oil, practically eliminating wear; Double Glands which keep the Crankcase free from water and make the Oil last twice as long.

Its Springs, Steering, and Brake Gears. The "Super-Sentinel" has longer Springs for easier riding over bad roads, and an entirely new and simple Steering Gear which makes it better than ever to handle in awkward places. Two sets of really efficient Internal Expanding Brakes are fitted, whilst the popular and powerful "Sentinel" Engine Brake is also retained to give a third brake.

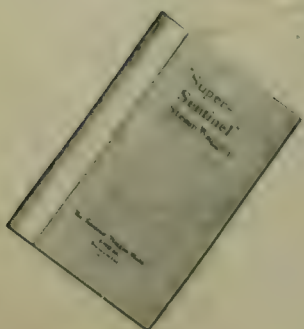
Driver Comfort. The cab of the "Super-Sentinel" is much more comfortable for both the Driver and his Mate. The patented design of Apron Plate allows of a clear view of the road to within four feet of the front of the Waggon; 24 different types of Standard Body are available to suit the needs of every Commercial undertaking.

A Handsome Book—132 pages, containing much useful information for all Transport Users, will be sent you, post free, on receipt of a line on your business paper.

If you employ vehicles send us particulars, asking for details of our Fleet Replacement Scheme.

The "Sentinel" Waggon Works (1920) Ltd.,
Shrewsbury.

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By appointment to  H. M. The Queen.

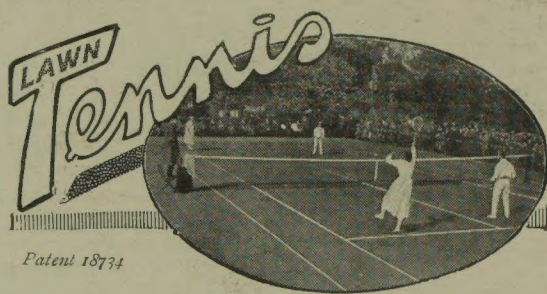
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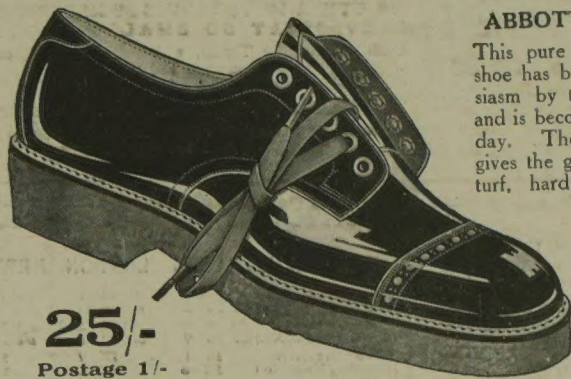
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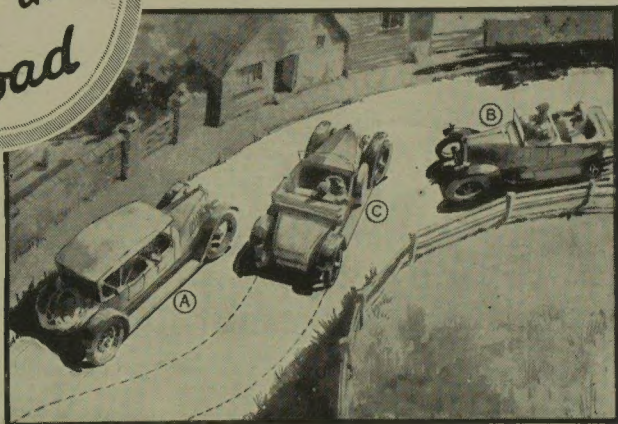
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No. 3



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Correspondence on these interesting subjects is invited.

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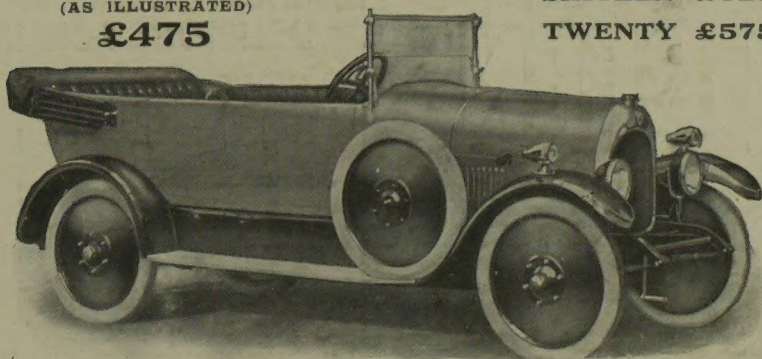
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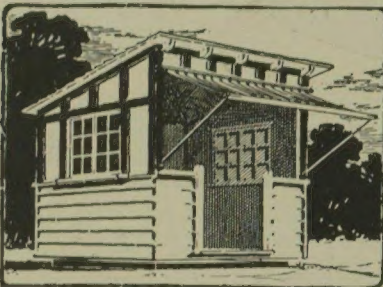
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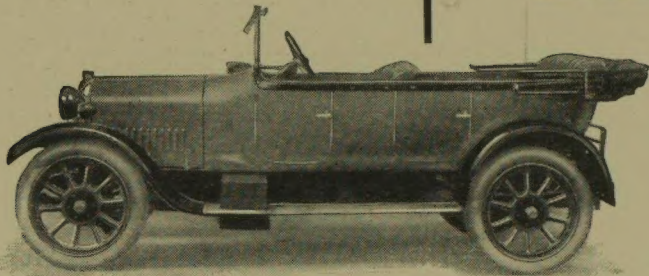
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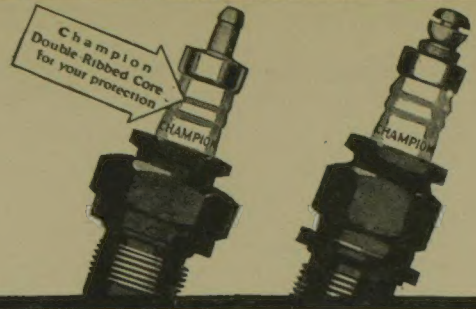
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FOR what they got the denomination of Dragoons is not so easy to be told, but because in all languages they are called so, we may suppose they may borrow their name from dragon, because a musketeer on horseback, with his burning match, riding a gallop, as many times as he doth, may something resemble that beast which

naturalists call a fiery dragon." He might, of course, if there were such a beast!

At this period (1678) the Royal Regiment was recruited from gentlemen of stout heart, but lean purse and high ambition. If such a smart gentleman-musketeer were now alive he would be setting his "burning match" to a good, stout "GREYS" cigarette, and he would inhale the comfort which that magic roll of fine tobacco gives its lucky purchasers.

The big cigarette which bears the name of his regiment, now famous in a hundred fights, has made and sustains a reputation among cigarettes that is second to none for wholesomeness, purity and fragrance. It is *par excellence* the comforting cigarette.



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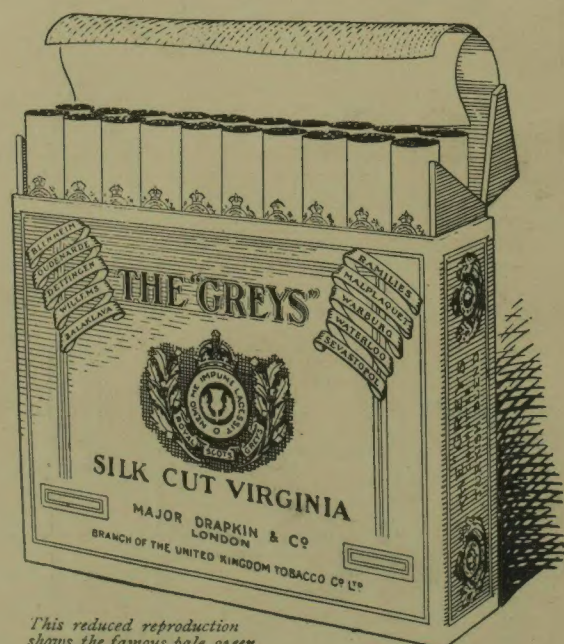
Of High-Class Tobacconists and Stores everywhere. Also sold suitably packed for export.

Actual dimensions of a "GREYS" Cigarette.



TO PIPE SMOKERS—For a fragrant, cool-smoking mixture that "makes your pipe a better pal" you cannot better "GREYS" SMOKING MIXTURE 1/- per OZ.

Manufactured by MAJOR DRAPKIN & COMPANY, LONDON, Branch of The United Kingdom Tobacco Company, Limited.



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